

4 AUGUST 1965 2s. 6d.

tatler

& BYSTANDER



CELTIC
DAWN



R. B. TALBOT KELLY

Shell Guide to Bird Sanctuaries: Abbotsbury



Abbotsbury Swannery is the second oldest nature reserve in Britain. It was flourishing in 1393, and it is still the sole *social* breeding-place in England of a great herd of mute swans whose number has remained very stable since its 16th-century peak of 1,500 birds, though dropping after some very hard winters to only 500. Chesil Beach is an unbroken ridge of pebbles stretching 18 miles from Bridport to the Isle of Portland. Opposite Abbotsbury (where it begins to form the sea-wall of the Fleet) it is about 170 yds. wide and up to 35 ft. high, forming a point from which the sanctuary is best enjoyed.

Lately, under good management, certain birds have colonized or recolonized the sanctuary, including little owl, shelduck, garganey, shoveler, great crested grebe, redshank, and roseate tern. There are often 1,000 pairs of common terns on Chesil Beach and (some distance away) a fair-sized group of little terns: it is out of bounds in the egg and fledgeling season, but the birds should be there in August. A breeding population of teal and coot (shown together with little tern in Eric

Ennion's vignettes) is always outnumbered by a great autumn influx of winterers: the Fleet is a natural waterfowl refuge. Teal marked in the Abbotsbury Duck Decoy have been recovered in Hungary and Russia. R. B. Talbot Kelly's painting shows a pair of mute swans, the heaviest flying birds, moving towards the East Fleet. In the distance is the main herd.

Abbotsbury's season is from 1st May to 15th September; the rest of the year it is *closed* in the interests of wild life. Turn south in Abbotsbury village on the main Weymouth-Bridport road, B 3157, where posted. Admission 2/- (children 1/-) at swannery entrance park—room for 100 cars. Guided tours of swannery. Bring sandwiches and stout footwear, and please, always follow the advice of Lady Ilchester's swanherd, Fred Lexster, and his staff.

JAMES FISHER

Some advice from Peter Scott: not all Britain's bird sanctuaries are open throughout the year. To avoid disappointment and help the sanctuary managers, please write ahead for permits, keep to trail regulations and drills, and read the COUNTRY CODE (6d. from H.M.S.O.).

An art reproduction of Rosalind Hilder's painting of Minsmere from this series has now been published by Royle Publications Limited, London, N.1—size 20½" x 28½" at 56/3d. and is obtainable from Art Dealers.

Wherever you go...you can be sure of



tatler

and bystander volume 257 number 3336

EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER



Ireland is one of those places where a variety of exciting things tend to go on at the same time in a confusion of sound and colour which is familiar to the Irish themselves and a tonic to visitors. The fashion industry there has become a force to be reckoned with, as witness the cover where all the colours of an Irish rainbow are woven into the uniquely soft, light tweed that is the hallmark of Donald Davies's highly individual clothes. The stripy, gorse-yellow dress has long sleeves and a tie belt. It costs 11 gns. at Mary Davies, 12 Queen Street, London; Casita, Sunningdale; Le Magasin de Voils, Bishop's Stortford. John Hedgecoe took the cover picture and the fashion section on Irish clothes beginning on page 210. More news and pictures from Ireland in Muriel Bowen's column, page 191 onwards. Lipstick on the cover is Sorrento Pink by Estée Lauder

GOING PLACES	186	In Britain
	187	To eat: <i>by John Baker White</i>
	188	Abroad: <i>by Sylvie Nickels</i>
SOCIAL	191	News and pictures from Ireland
	192	Muriel Bowen's column
	197	Letter from Scotland: <i>by Jessie Palmer</i>
	198	The Royal International Horse Show
FEATURES	200	This Wednesday in particular: <i>by J. Roger Baker, photographs by Shaun Gordon</i>
	202	The quiet revolution: <i>by June Ducas</i>
	205	The young makers: <i>photographs by Tony Evans</i>
	218	The fairy tale Bolshoi: <i>photographs by Morris Newcombe</i>
FASHION	210	Irish impressions: <i>by Unity Barnes, photographs by John Hedgecoe</i>
VERDICTS	219	On plays: <i>by John Salt</i>
	220	On films: <i>by Elspeth Grant</i>
	220	On books: <i>by Oliver Warner</i>
	221	On galleries: <i>by Robert Wraight</i>
GOOD LOOKS	222	Face up to autumn: <i>by Evelyn Forbes</i>
DINING IN	223	Untouched by human meddlers: <i>by Helen Burke</i>
MOTORING	224	A new circle of friends: <i>by Dudley Noble</i>
ANTIQUES	228	The satinwood cabinet: <i>by Albert Adair</i>
MAN'S WORLD	228	Links with a past: <i>by Jason Cassels</i>

Postage: Inland, 7d. Foreign, 6½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription rates: Great Britain and Eire: 52 issues plus Christmas number, £8 6s.; 26 issues plus Christmas number, £4 6s.; without Christmas number, £4; 13 issues (no extras), £2. Canada: 52 issues plus Christmas number, £8 10s.; 26 issues plus Christmas number, £4 7s.; without Christmas number, £4 3s.; 13 issues (no extras), £2 1s. 6d. Elsewhere abroad: 52 issues plus Christmas number, £8 10s.; 26 issues plus Christmas number, £4 7s.; without Christmas number, £4 3s.; 13 issues (no extras), £2 1s. 6d. U.S.A. (residents): 52 issues plus Christmas number, \$24.00; 26 issues plus Christmas number, \$12.50; without, \$12.00; 13 issues (no extras), \$6.00. Please send orders for subscriptions, and changes of address, to Subscription Dept., 258 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1. (TERminus 3311.) © 1965 Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., Elm House, 10-16 Elm Street, London W.C.1 (TERminus 1234)



GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Dublin International Horse Show, to 7 August.

Cowes Week, to 8 August

Exhibition of paintings by Joyce Hansel, former Master of the Westmeath Foxhounds, at the Little Theatre, Brown Thomas, Dublin, to 10 August.

Ponies of Britain Show, Peterborough, 20, 21 August.

Clan Macpherson Rally, Kingussie and Newtonmore, Inverness-shire, 6-8 August.

Grouse shooting begins, 12 August.

Yateley Horse Show, Mont-eagle Farm, nr. Camberley, 13, 14 August. (Details, Mrs. R. Hicks, Round Close, Yateley. Tel. Yateley 3365.)

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Brighton, Bath, Pontefract, Yarmouth, today & 5; Windsor, Newmarket, Redcar, 6, 7; Worcester, Lanark, 7; Folkestone, 9; Nottingham, 9,

10; Alexandra Park, 10; Haydock Park, Catterick Bridge, Salisbury, 11, 12 August.

Steeplechasing: Haldon (Devon & Exeter Meeting), today & 5; Newton Abbot, 11, 12; Market Rasen, 12 August.

CRICKET

Test Match: England v. South Africa, Trent Bridge, Nottingham, 5-10 August.

Littlehampton Cricket Week 9-14 August.

POLO

Cowdray Park: Brecknock Cup, 1st rounds & semi-finals, 7, 8 August.

Tidworth Tournament, to 9 August.

Catterick Tournament, 9-12 August.

Taunton Tournament, 19-22 August.

TENNIS

Bournemouth Tournament (inc. Hampshire Championships), to 7 August.

Professional Championships of Gt. Britain, Eastbourne, to 7 August.

CROQUET

Hurlingham Open Tournament, Hurlingham Club, to 11 August.

YACHTING & REGATTAS

Menai Straits Fortnight, Anglesey, to 15 August.

Serpentine Regatta, 5 August.

Falmouth Week, to 7 August.

Oulton Broad, Norfolk, fete & regatta, 5 August.

Henley Town Regatta, Henley-on-Thames, 7 August.

Fowey Royal Regatta, 10, 11 August.

Salcombe Week, 8-13 August.

MUSICAL

Royal Albert Hall. Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, to 11 September.

Bolshoi Ballet, Royal Festival Hall, to 21 August. Mon.-Fri., 8 p.m.; Sat., 5.30 and 8.30 p.m., with Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. (war 3191.)

New Victoria. London's Festival Ballet, in *Swan Lake*. Mon.-Sat., 8 p.m. Mats., Wed, Sat., 2.30 p.m. (vic 5732.)

Holland Park. London Symphony Orchestra, cond. Del Mar, 7.30 p.m., 8 August.

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 15 August.

Giacometti Exhibition, Tate Gallery, to 30 August.

Léger paintings, 1918-1938, Gimpel Fils, to 14 August.

30 Centuries of Iranian Art, Hamilton Galleries, St. George St., Hanover Square, to 28 August.

Soundings Two, Signals London, Wigmore St., to 22 Sept.

Clementine Ballot, Impressionist paintings & drawings, Madden Galleries, Duke St., to 15 August.

Stanislaw Frenkiel, Oliver Bevan, Grabowski Gallery, Sloane Avenue.

Gershov, Alwin Gallery, Brook St., to 27 August.

EXHIBITIONS

Shakespeare Exhibition, Stratford on Avon, to 19 September.

Kipling Centenary Exhibition, Batemans, Burwash, Sussex, to 31 October.

Guild of Gloucestershire Craftsmen, market & exhibition, Painswick, to 21 August.

British Craftsmanship, Design Centre, to 30 August.

Regency Exhibition, Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to 3 October.

"Ellen Terry & Her Family," British Theatre Museum, Holland Park Rd., to 2 October.

FIRST NIGHTS

Apollo. Any Wednesday, to-night.

Savoy. *Alibi for a Judge*, 5 August.

National Theatre (Old Vic.) Berliner Ensemble, 9 August.



Mr. & Mrs. Paul Sutton, of Kidbrooke Gardens, Blackheath, with their younger daughter Carin. The occasion was her 21st birthday party at Quaglino's, attended by 50 guests

BRIGGS by Graham



GOING PLACES TO EAT

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays.
W.B. . . . Wise to book a table.
The Charge Of The Light Brigade, White Lion Yard, 37 Brook Street (Bond Street end). C.S. (MAY 4505.) Open luncheon, and dinner to 11.30 p.m. Licensed to midnight. In the *El Cubano*, *Flanagan's*, *Contented Sole* family, this restaurant has the same entertaining originality of decor. The theme is the Crimean war, with the staff in the uniforms of that period, shakos as lampshades and so on. Upstairs the beady eye of Fi-Fi, Florence Nightingale's favourite poodle, watches you from under a glass dome with an unwinking gaze to ensure that you observe the exhortation, "No vulgarity at this table." It would spoil the fun to list all the amusing touches in this restaurant: it is better to go and see them, but a great deal of thought and research must have been put into them.

The menu has the same originality. Measuring about 4 ft. by 2 ft. 6 ins., it includes Raglan's Fish Pie "from a recipe found in the greatcoat of 'Little Alfie', batman to His Grace". There is also oxtail, Irish stew, and kedgerie, which I enjoyed, as I did the soused mackerel. First courses are in the 4s. 6d. upwards range, and main courses start at 12s. 6d. Wines are by the bottle or glass, beer and stout on draught. Quite apart from being great fun, the food is fine and the helpings of Edwardian proportions. At night there is period music of a martial strain, and a violinist who is something of a card. It is on the edge of London's American quarter, and should entertain its citizens, and anyone who has a lighthearted approach to history. W.B.

Marchesi's Restaurant, 18 Albion Street, Broadstairs. (THANET 62481.) Open for luncheon, tea, and dinner to 10.30 p.m. Open Sundays. Broadstairs remains a pleasant friendly town with some delightful houses in it, without the vulgar, juke-box brashness of Ramsgate and Margate. This restaurant, well known to parents who have children at school in Thanet, is also pleasant and friendly. The cooking is sound, and both the 10s. luncheon and 17s. 6d. dinner are good value for the

money, offering a wide choice of dishes, some Italian and Greek, others British. There are original touches like fried mussels in lobster sauce. Marchesi's is fully licensed and prices are reasonable. Service is friendly, and there is a verandah overlooking the sea. There is also a private car park. W.B.

"Take One" Room, 80/81 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. Lord Aberdare and his co-directors have joined with Mr. Stephen Kennedy, who runs the *Music à la Carte* at this address, in opening this room. The idea is to provide food, drink and entertainment at a reasonable price. Cy Grant is the host, Bill le Sage and the Tommy Eytle Trio play for dancing, and Lord Foley entertains at the piano. "Take One" will also provide a stage for up-and-coming discoveries, the first being the Shangaans from South Africa. The full dinner costs 42s. and there is a breakfast menu at 21s.

Wine note: Bottle design

Signs that port bottle shapes and appearances are returning to more traditional styles are indicated by the recent move of the 287 year old firm of Croft & Co. to re-pack six existing ports. The move follows the introduction last year of Croft Particular in a dark green bottle with a broad body and a long neck and having a small but easily read label lettered in white on black.

The range consists of Original Old Ruby, Original Old White and Original Old Tawny plus Commemoration, Three Crowns, and Particular, a rare Old Tawny light in colour due to its great age and with a fine bouquet.

The bottles and labels of all these ports have now been brought into line with the new Particular pack: each port can be identified easily by means of a label colour scheme.

Commenting on the new pack, Mr. George Robertson, Croft's managing director, said: "The shape is reminiscent of a very old bottle, and in the matter of labels I feel we have turned full circle. In the 1920's, for example, wine merchants did not use a label at all—only a different coloured seal for each of their various qualities."

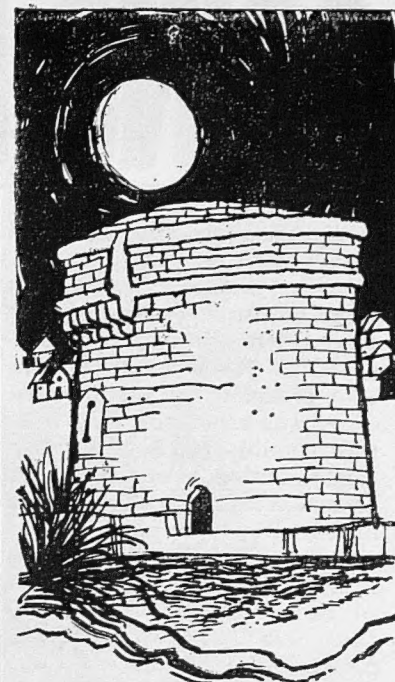
The Croft range retails at 20s. per bottle for Original Old Ruby, Original Old White, and Original Old Tawny. Commemoration is 23s., Three Crowns 24s. 6d. and Particular 29s. 6d. a bottle.

. . . and a reminder

Belvedere.

Holland House, Holland Park. (WES 4641.) Good food and wine in what used to be the garden ballroom of Holland House, and a formal garden, floodlit at night, surrounding it. Out of the ordinary and not too expensive.

Nick's Havajah Restaurant, 16 Bateman Street, Soho. (GER 4736.) *Pleasant atmosphere and remarkable value for money in table d'hôte menu.*



Joyce's Tower at Sandycove

JOYCE'S DUBLIN

. . . has as much charm and character as when the author himself frequented the pubs and taverns . . . only 7 minutes from the

SHELBOURNE HOTEL, DUBLIN

The tradition of Ireland is reflected in this Hotel, nearly 150 years old, which has kept abreast of the times with both its service and cuisine. Telephone Dublin 66471.

A partner to this famous hotel exists in the North of Ireland: it is the

CONWAY HOTEL BELFAST

Originally a beautiful Georgian house in gracious surroundings, but suitably modernised to embody every convenience, this hotel boasts excellent cuisine in mellow panelled surroundings.

Telephone Belfast 612101.



Carlo, one of the head waiters, and Mr. Alan Garsite, (right) manager of the Charge of the Light Brigade restaurant in White Lion Yard, Brook Street. See John Baker White above

Sylvie Nickels / But this is Ireland

GOING PLACES

Fourteen years ago, Dr. Tom Walsh was browsing in a bookshop in Charing Cross Road when he came across a copy of the Aldeburgh Festival programme. It occurred to him that if Aldeburgh could do it, there was no reason why Wexford should not. So from this casual incident was born the annual Wexford Festival Opera and, by now, star singers from nearly every major opera house in Europe have taken their bow in the little Theatre Royal that was built in 1830 and renovated in 1960/61.

This year's Wexford Festival is from 23 to 31 October, and provides one reason for visiting the Republic of Ireland in the autumn. The Dublin Theatre Festival, which has a particularly fine programme this year (20 September to 3 October), is another. Waterford's Light Opera Festival (10 to 27 September) and Cork's International Film Festival (12 to 19 September) are yet two more. The last three can be combined in one motoring tour at a time when Ireland's blessedly traffic free roads are emptier than ever and when the weather, as elsewhere in these islands, is likely to be as good as at any time in the summer.

Self-drive cars are easily available, but motorists wishing to bring their own across the Irish Channel have never been so well catered for. This year's new car-carrying train from London (Olympia) links with the improved Fishguard-Rosslare car ferries; new, too, are drive-on drive-off facilities on the Holyhead-Dun Laoghaire route. And, of course, there are the Aer Lingus vehicle and passenger ferries operating from Bristol and Liverpool to Dublin, and Bristol to Cork, until the end of October.

Wexford is the first town of any size reached from Rosslare. It is quite small (population 10,000), very Irish, wholly delightful and has two good hotels. Of these, the Talbot is the more modern and glossy, while White's, with its new rustic style ballroom, scores in homely comfort and sheer friendliness. From its windows you look on to the narrow main street where traffic jams ebb and flow between parked cars,

prams and pedestrians. If plans to make this a one way street materialize, it will remove one of the town's permanent sources of entertainment.

From Wexford, you can wend your way to Dublin (or vice-versa) along the coast or inland, but preferably zigzagging between the two, through rolling farmland and woods rising towards the Wicklow Mountains and a rural calm that is immensely restful. It is unwise anyway to have a rigid itinerary for this is Ireland and you will have to be either very firm-minded or extremely unsociable in order to keep to it.

Near Wexford, there are some fine stretches of sand at Curracloe, about six miles to the north, and chains of such beaches line the coast more or less all the way to Dublin, some of the prettiest being in the Courtown Harbour-Ballymoney area, just south of Arklow.

Inland, the route should certainly include Kilkenny, which is all too often overlooked simply because it is inland. It has a big musty old castle (visits by prior arrangement), quaint narrow streets and some fine churches. In St. Canice's cathedral, the caretaker was taking tracings of some of the many 13th-16th century tombs incorporated in the marble floor. He wanted to do some research into their history, he said.

The cathedral, like so many of Ireland's places of worship, was once used as a stable for Cromwell's horses, and this gentleman's partiality for knocking buildings about has cost the country a good deal. One group of constructions that fortunately does not seem to have tempted him, however, is the Round Towers, which soon become a familiar part of the Irish scene and which might be mistaken for factory chimneys if they were not all in such unsuitable places as, for example, St. Canice's churchyard.

The towers were built up to 11 centuries ago at a time when the exquisite pages of Ireland's famous illuminated manuscripts were being prepared for posterity by unknown hands in monasteries up and down the country. It



ABROAD

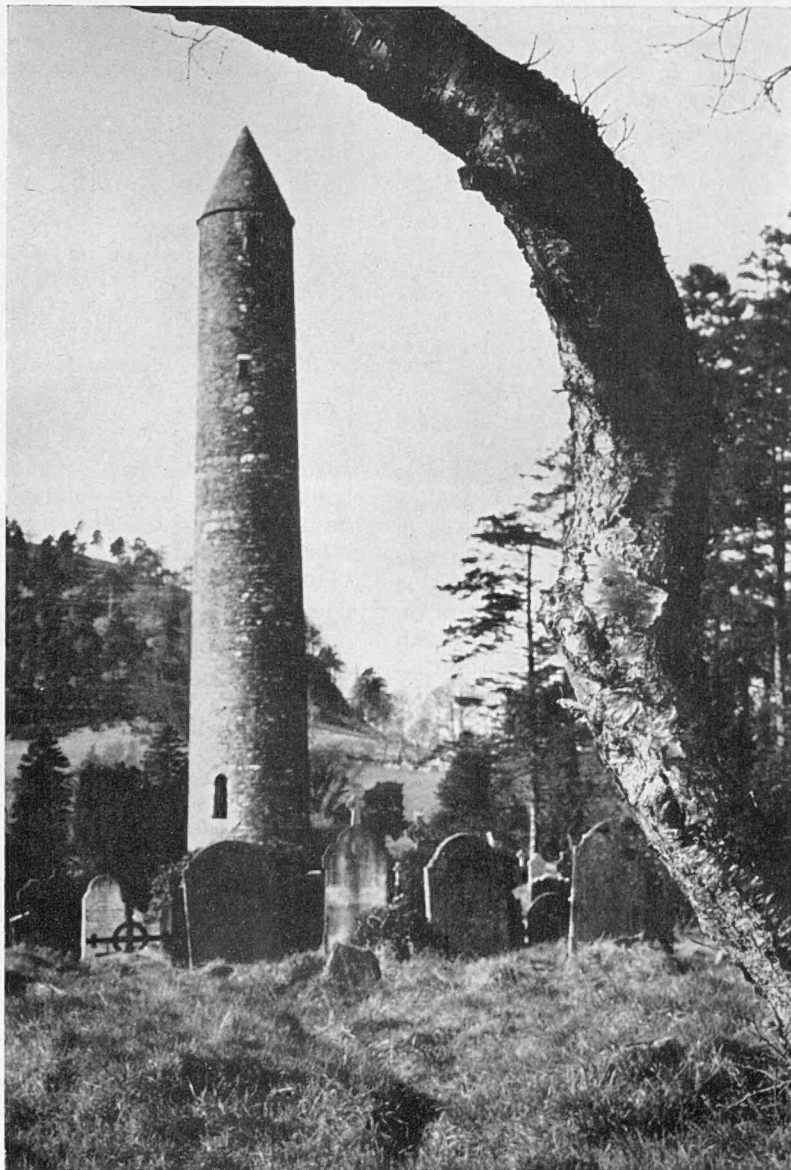
on a summer's weekend, but otherwise this is a superb and spacious rambling country where mountains raise their desolate and beautiful bare heads high above the wooded glens.

A pleasant centre for young people in this area is the Bel-Air Hotel at Ashford, near Wicklow, which arranges horse riding and pony trekking holidays. For an idyllic few days of peace, the Hunter's Hotel at Newrath Bridge (also near Wicklow) makes up for lack of private bathrooms by lovely gardens and the warm atmosphere of a coaching inn which has been in the hands of the same family for four generations.

Dublin itself pleases me greatly, and my only quarrel lies with the powers who govern the opening hours of

was also the time of the Viking forays, usually marked by plunder and murder. The towers are assumed to be watch-towers, and into them the monks would retire when things became too unpleasant, pulling up behind them the ladders that led from their only entrance to the ground, 10 feet or more below.

There is another famous Round Tower near some extensive monastic ruins at Glendalough, where the glens meet in the Wicklow Mountains, little more than an hour's drive from the heart of Dublin. Such proximity to the capital makes it a place to avoid



The Round Tower at Glendalough

its historic churches (which means the Protestant ones). If you manage to coincide with these, the most interesting are St. Patrick's cathedral (another of Cromwell's stables), Christ Church cathedral, St. Werburgh's, St. Audoen's and St. Michan's, whose vaults house some perfectly preserved if gruesome curiosities in the form of centuries-old corpses. The Book of Kells, the even older Book of Durrow and other illuminated manuscripts can be seen in Trinity College Library.

Even aside from the monuments, this is a spacious and green city, and I for one have completely fallen under the spell of its far-famed Georgian architecture, which can be seen to great advantage across the treetops of St. Stephen's Green from the bedrooms of the Shelborne Hotel. The service here is good and it is most pleasant, first thing in the morning, to have a soft Irish voice checking over the telephone whether your breakfast has arrived as ordered.

As a change from Georgiana, Dublin pubs and restaurants also offer a fine line in authentic Victoriana, such as at the Stag's Head and Jammet's. By contrast, the new wing of Jury's Hotel is ultra modern; the food at Jury's is excellent and there is a nightly traditional Irish cabaret. For a polished nightclub show, you would have to go far to find one better than at the Sybaris, which appeared on the Dublin scene 18 months ago. It is small and limited to members only—but this is Ireland, and your hotel may be able to help.

How to get there:

By air, London-Dublin return: £13 4s.-£18 tourist excursion, according to time and season; £23 4s. first class. Dublin alone is served from 12 other airports in Britain.

For details of the many surface routes *via* Fishguard-Rosslare, Holyhead-Dun Laoghaire, Fishguard-Cork, Liverpool-Dublin, Glasgow-Dublin you should get in touch with British Rail Western Region, or the British Rail Travel Information Centre, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1, or Coast Lines Ltd., 227 Regent Street, London, W.1. (Head Office, Reliance House, Water Street, Liverpool 2.)

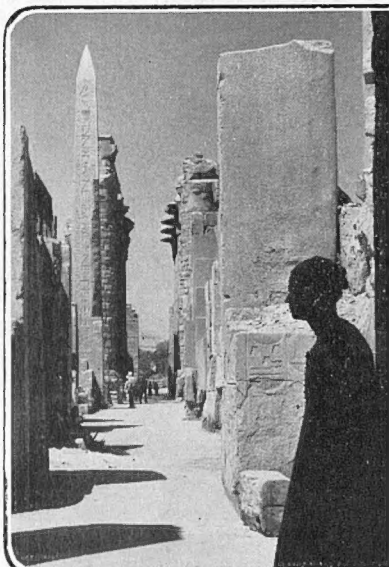


St. Canice's Cathedral, Kilkenny, and the adjacent Round Tower



Georgian houses in Dublin's Fitzwilliam Street

YOU... YOUR ... and The Middle East

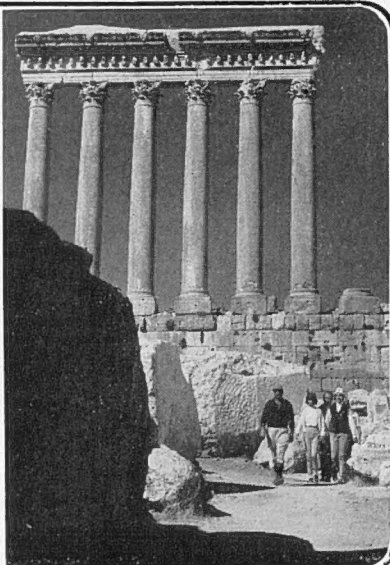


GOOD PHOTOGRAPHY, Britain's top photographic monthly, brings them together in a unique 14-day tour – the amateur photographer's opportunity of a lifetime!

How would you handle the greatest photographic subjects in the world? How would you set about capturing the wonder and enchantment of the Sphinx by moonlight, the treasures of Tutankhamen, the Nile and the Jordan, the Christian shrines at Jerusalem and Bethlehem, the 200-ft long Bazaar of Damascus, the towering mosques of Cairo, and the most spectacular Son et Lumière in the world—at the Pyramids?

Here is your chance to find out – on a 14-day tour of the Lebanon, Syria, Jordan and Egypt especially arranged for amateur photographers, their families and friends. You go by luxury Pan-American jet – and at every stage, the itinerary brings before the lens of your camera the most breathtakingly photogenic places in the world. On one part of the tour, for example, you see four of the seven wonders of the ancient world – from the back of a camel!

The cost? Only 161 guineas including all flights, accommodation at first-class hotels, service charges and taxes. Backed by the full resources of Illustrated Newspapers Limited, publishers of Good Photography (part of The Thomson Organisation Limited).



Departure 16 October 1965

GOOD PHOTOGRAPHY

APPLY NOW!
Accommodation is strictly limited
Details from: The Editor Good Photography
Elm House 10/16 Elm Street London WC1
Telephone TERminus 1234 Extension 7262

Cash prizes offered for the best pictures taken of the trip

THE ISLES OF SCILLY

A RARE OPPORTUNITY TO PURCHASE BY WAY OF TENDER A LIMITED NUMBER OF HOUSES ON THE ISLAND OF ST. MARYS.

—BY ORDER OF THE DUCHY OF CORNWALL—

TOWN HOUSES IN A SMALL TERRACE

In the course of erection and due for completion in December, 1965. Each house has 3 bedrooms. Double Reception Room, Central Heating and Garage. Situated by the Quay at Old Town overlooking the bay and beach.

A RESIDENCE IN KEEPING WITH THIS BEAUTIFUL SETTING

From the site, which adjoins the Golf Course, there is a spectacular panorama of Hugh Town and the off islands. A spaciouly planned, architect designed 5-bedroom house will be built on the plot.

On completion the properties will be held on 60-year leases at nominal ground rents.

Full details and FORMS OF TENDER may be obtained from the Sole Agents:

JONES, LANG, WOOTTON

58 St. James's Street, London, S.W.1. HYDe Park 6040.

LATE HOLIDAY? SUMMER'S LATE AT hotel romazzino

COSTA SMERALDA SARDINIA

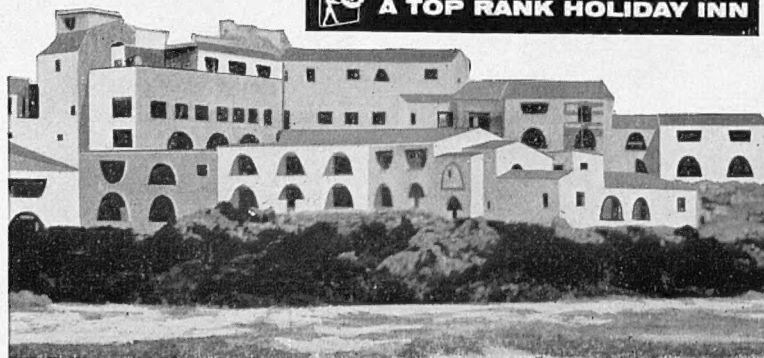
Bask in the sun on our private beach, enjoy boating or energetic water sports – the choice is yours and Hotel Romazzino is entirely at your service. Your room will have a private bathroom and a balcony overlooking the sea. The restaurant also has a panoramic view of the fabulous Emerald Coast and you have a choice of bars and lounges. In fact, this hotel has every modern comfort and although it is newly built, it blends in perfectly with the Sardinian coastal scene.

FOR LATE RESERVATIONS

Contact your usual travel agent or write direct to The Manager, Hotel Romazzino, Costa Smeralda, Arzachene (SS), Sardinia, or 'phone VICToria 6633 (London). Full pension 11,500 lire (£6.12s.) a day.



A TOP RANK HOLIDAY INN





THE PLACE OF THE STONE

Major & Mrs. Jack Hillyard in front of Blarney Castle which Mrs. Hillyard inherited from her uncle, Sir George Colthurst, in 1951. The Blarney Stone, international symbol of Irish superstition, is set into the battlements above the top window. Major Hillyard was a notable tennis player and his mother won the singles at Wimbledon five times. Muriel Bowen reports from Ireland with more photographs by Desmond O'Neill overleaf

NEW FACE OF OLD IRELAND

BY MURIEL BOWEN

They ask you for "a cuppa tea" saying that their house is only a couple of miles off your route. All too late you discover that they have been talking in terms of those Irish miles that are so much longer than statute ones, and a carefully arranged schedule becomes hopelessly derailed.

In ways like this, Ireland hasn't changed. There is the happy downing of tools to greet the visitor or, in my case, the returned emigrant. For if there is anything the Irish like more than a good cup of tea it is the opportunity to satisfy their curiosity. It is food and drink to them to know why you have come, where you are going, whom you have met and what they said to you—especially what they said to you.

Surprisingly betwixt the old ways there is the wind of change. It's blowing hard. Men who have ruled the professions, politics, and business for 40 years, men who looked as immovable as the Rock of Cashel are suddenly out and their places taken by those who are three, and often four generations younger.

THE YOUNG LOOK

The youngest member of the Cabinet is 34—12 years younger than the youngest of Mr. Wilson's team. The Governor of the Bank of Ireland, a tall, vital, red-haired chartered accountant, DON CARROLL who heads his family's giant cigarette business, Sweet Afton,



The Hon. Desmond and Mrs. Guinness whose home is Leixlip Castle, Co. Kildare, photographed at Kensington Square, London. They are particularly interested in the preservation of buildings of architectural merit. Mr. Guinness, one of the 11 children of Lord Moyne, founded the Irish Georgian Society

isn't yet 40. "We're thrilled about his being Governor, but he has to work so hard now that I hardly ever see him" Mrs. CARROLL told me.

The upsurge of youth has brought a quite different attitude to work. Englishmen sometimes complain that when they go to Ireland they are straight away taken to the races and

have to fit business discussions in between looking at the horses. But Mrs. JOHN MCGUIRE, wife of one of the country's most successful young businessmen and connoisseurs emphasized to-day's changed attitude. "John never goes to the races, and he wouldn't dream of discussing business at them if he did." English-educated John McGuire is one of the most successful of the under 40's. We were chatting in the library of his Georgian house in the country 20 minutes from the centre of Dublin. He spotted the house in a very neglected state, turned it into a gem of good taste and has now engaged an English landscape architect to plan the garden.

THE FORTUNATE YEAR

Mr. McGuire is joint managing director of Brown Thomas, the Fortnum & Mason's of Ireland. He started Ireland's first supermarket on his own initiative. "People gave me a year to go bust." Now he has several. "I believe in getting the best executives I can" he told me. "In my outfit there are many people who are brighter than I am—I hope to keep them by providing more scope for their abilities."

Prosperity shines through the soft Irish rain. Racing Dragons and ocean-going yachts ride at anchor in Dun Laoghaire harbour, and a record number of people will take their cars to England and to the Continent this year. There are fewer people going "across the water" (to England) in search of work. To use that somewhat worn cliché, Ireland has never had it so good, even though the economic situation is our own only worse.

WANTED—A TRIGGER

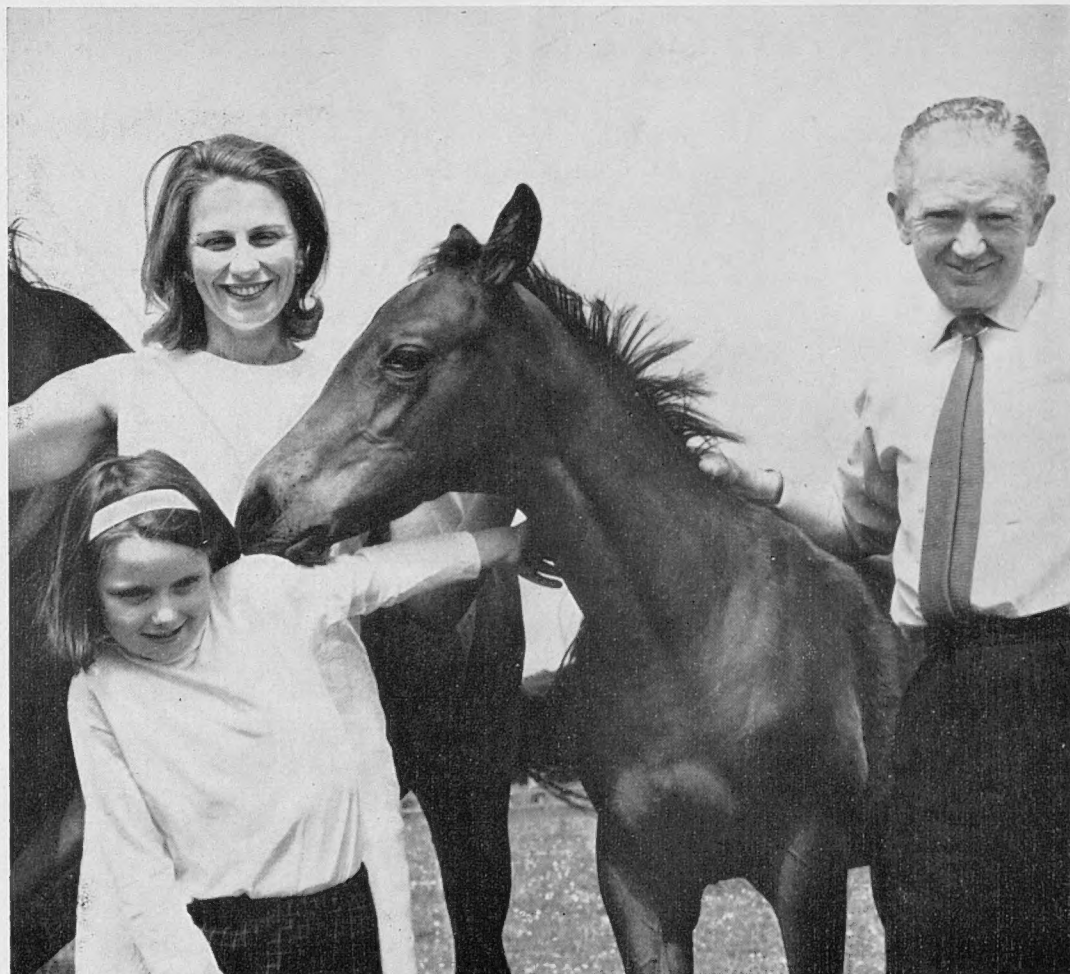
There is something in the air of Ireland that

includes a calm which envelops one like a garment. The English, not being a contemplative people, find it irksome, unless they are having the unwinding sort of holiday. But to the Irish it's cosy, something to revel in—that is for all but the few. "The only problem in Ireland is that there is not enough to trigger you off, not enough competition to make you think up something better," said dress designer Clodagh, summing it up. Tall, long-limbed and 27, she is in private life Mrs. BRIAN O'KENNEDY, wife of a director of an advertising firm and mother of three small children.

Mrs. O'Kennedy orbits in the successful international world of Irish fashion, following on a trail blazed in the 1950's by Sybil Connolly and Irene Gilbert. Her clothes sell in London and New York. She describes them as: "Unkooky and feminine with a lot of sex appeal."

At 17 she started dress designing after breaking her back in a fall from a horse, an accident that ruled out further serious riding. "Vile evening dresses to begin with and then, somehow, I got better." When I was in New York recently I saw a lot of her clothes. I asked her what it felt like being taken up by Harrods last year. "I could not get over it when they asked me to do stuff for them," she said. "I still can't."

In her nice big house which stands in its own grounds a couple of miles out of Dublin she does all her own cooking, saying "I don't think it's any compliment to anybody to ask them for a meal in an hotel." Currently she has two ambitions: to own a Lotus ("that's about two years off") and to write a cook book ("one just for people like me who want to muck up something that looks fantastic within an hour.")



Irish trainer Mr. Vincent O'Brien with his Australian-born wife and their youngest daughter, Jane, at his stables at Rosegreen, Co. Tipperary. Mr. O'Brien achieved a unique hat trick by winning three Grand Nationals in a row, with Early Mist, Royal Tan and Quare Times. He has also won hat tricks with the Cheltenham Gold Cup and Champion Hurdles. Now he concentrates on flat racing



Dr. & Mrs. Timothy O'Driscoll at their Georgian home, Evergreen Lodge, Killiney, near Dublin. A former Irish ambassador to The Hague, Dr. O'Driscoll is now chairman and Director-General of the Irish Tourist Board



Mr. & Mrs. Charles J. Haughey with their Irish wolfhound Sweeny at their home outside Dublin. Mr. Haughey, a chartered accountant by profession, is Minister for Agriculture; Mrs. Haughey is a daughter of Mr. Sean Lemass, the Irish Prime Minister

THE CITY GARDENS

Dublin has always given the feel of being a real capital. The buildings, and the streets were built on a grand scale. But to-day there are dangers. Speculators are moving in, and modern buildings of a type totally alien to their surroundings are going up. Quite the most ill-placed I saw, was a slab block of flats at the top of Ailesbury Road—Dublin's Embassy Row. It was designed by a professor of architecture, which does not auger well for the future.

Because Dublin is not yet too big, the country the sea and the mountains are in comfortable, uncrowded, reach. Behind the splendid 18th-century terraces are neat little gardens, often gems of their type. Within two miles of Nelson's Pillar—he's still on his column despite all those resolutions that he should come down—are houses that stand in an acre or two of ground, with flowers lovingly cared for by the owners with the aid of part-time gardeners. Nowhere except perhaps in Johannesburg are there so many large and lovely private gardens near the heart of a city centre as there are in Dublin.

THE INVITATION CIRCUIT

Though domestics are every bit as hard to come by as they are in England, as in England, there is more entertaining at home. Invitations to dine at the homes of people like Mrs. PADDY MCGILLIGAN, Mrs. DERMOT MACGILLYCUDDY; and Mrs. TIMOTHY O'DRISCOLL, are greatly cherished. The food is certain to be delicious, the conversation superb.

Irish Foreign Ministers entertain occasionally and in style at Iveagh House, formerly the chief house of the Guinness family. And there are a whole lot of annual social functions that get more crowded as the country becomes more affluent. There is the succession of wild and hilarious hunt balls from the West Waterford at the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S Lismore Castle to the Ballymacad at SIR HUGH NUGENT'S Ballinlough Castle. There is the opening of the Royal Hibernian Academy in April, with some of the guests outshining in picturesqueness anything seen at Burlington House. Then in June the Zoological Garden Party which, like the royal garden parties at Buckingham Palace, presses on virtually regardless of weather. Then the apex of the social season in the first week of August with the Dublin Horse Show, horses all day and dancing all night, after which the Irish, despite their Olympic stamina for party-going, retire quietly to Waterville or Galway to fish and generally get away from it all.

MERITOCRACY MOVES IN

Until recently the doctors followed by the judges were the social elite in Ireland. Now they have been joined by architects, bankers, and big business in a society built largely on merit. Politicians too are moving up the social scale, but the politician who makes the top socially is usually also a barrister, an accountant or a businessman of stature.

One afternoon I went to the Dail which meets in a large 18th-century house, formerly the residence of the Dukes of Leinster. Parliament meets in what was the old lecture theatre of the Royal Dublin Society, members sitting in mahogany seats that form a horseshoe round the Speaker's chair. The Irish used to be proud of their Parliament, but I found the once

beautiful handwoven Dun Emer carpets worn threadbare and the members' dining room positively scruffy. In contrast the members themselves would stand out anywhere as a body of exceptionally well-dressed people, and I was told by somebody who knows about such things that the young Minister for Health, Mr. DONOGH O'MALLEY, a civil engineer and a former boxing and rugby blue, was the best dressed man in Ireland.

—AND HISTORY MOVES OUT

The placid surface of Irish politics has recently been disturbed by unexpected breezes. Mr. JAMES DILLON resigned the leadership of the main opposition party, the right wing Fine Gael, in the same totally unexpected way that SIR ALEC DOUGLAS-HOME resigned in England. And seemingly, though nobody quite put it that way, for much the same reasons. Over tea he rolled out phrases with a fine Churchillian ring to them. Mr. Dillon is what the English expect an Irish politician to be, a great talker. His place has been taken by Mr. LIAM COSGRAVE, 45, who brings to politics the same calmness and dignity for which his father, Mr. W. T. COSGRAVE, was noted as the first President.

ly tipped as Ireland's next Prime Minister. I talked to him and his wife at their home which is set in 45 acres some 15 minutes out of Dublin. The son of an Irish Army officer he had come to the top as a chartered accountant at the age of 30. His mastery of accountancy is reputed to "put the fear of God" into the civil service, but this he discounts with amusement.

"He would make a lot more money if he stuck to accountancy, but he just loves politics," Mrs. HAUGHEY told me. She is a daughter of the Prime Minister, Mr. SEAN LEMASS and a clever business woman in her own right. The Irish wolfhounds she breeds sell abroad.

UNCLUBBABLE BUT PUBBABLE

Clubs have never been a success in Ireland; to the Irishman his home away from home is the pub, and in the semi-darkness of a mod example with golden lights, a strip of purple carpet, and beats on the settees, I talked to FRANK O'CONNOR, Ireland's best short story writer. It wasn't a nice pub, nor an exciting one but Mr. O'Connor's personality can dwarf any such establishment and its inhabitants. In a soft and musical voice he poured out indignation on all and sundry from the people who allow Ireland's

ancient buildings to disintegrate, to the directors of the Abbey Theatre.

VALUES IN VERSE

"They tell me that there are changes in Ireland and they're good," he said. "But to be honest, I haven't noticed. That is apart from the hotels—I no longer find that I've got to ride my bicycle 50 miles to find a really good one. The tourist people have done a lot."

One change he would like to see is a Chair of national literature at one of the universities. It seemed strange that this had not already happened. Mr. O'Connor broke into verse, on what in England would be called values. There were too many people in Ireland, he said, ready to sell their souls for "a hunk of hairy bacon."

FRESH PAINT

The fortunes of the arts ebb and flow in Ireland, it has always been that way. After centuries of "doing things as they have always been done" the church is giving a boost to architects and artists in stained glass. At the National Gallery of Art I found all the British Railways waiting rooms—buff paint had been removed and freshly cleaned pictures were hanging on walls of pristine whiteness. 43-year-old Mr. JAMES



Mr. Michael Scott, Irish architect of the new Abbey Theatre, in his Georgian offices in Dublin's Merrion Square. The photograph Mr. Scott is holding is of the new theatre building; the death mask on the wall is of James Joyce, the Irish writer

Secondly, and more spectacularly, virtually all the old men of "The Troubles" who ruled Ireland for more than 30 years have gone. At April's General Election they were either persuaded to make way for younger men and women, as some of them did, or otherwise—and to their own dismay—they were defeated at the polls.

THE NEXT P.M.?

Irish politicians to-day are young and youngish people from the professions and business with plenty of drive and initiative, some of them reminiscent of Education Minister, ANTHONY CROSLAND or TED HEATH.

Outstandingly successful in this group is Mr. CHARLES HAUGHEY (pronounced Haw-ee). Now 39 he is Minister of Agriculture and wide-



Mr. John McGuire, joint managing director of Brown Thomas, the Dublin fashion store, with Mrs. McGuire at Emsworth, their Georgian house near Malahide. Mr. McGuire's father was a member of the Irish Senate; Mrs. McGuire is the daughter of a former Swedish minister

WHITE, who made a great success of Dublin's Municipal Gallery, is now curator at the National Gallery.

PLANNING NEEDED

A new Abbey Theatre rises in place of the old one burnt down in 1951. "I suppose it is the biggest thrill I've ever had being asked to design the Abbey," architect MICHAEL SCOTT told me in his Georgian office in Merrion Square. He knew the old Abbey well as he acted there when an architectural student. At one time actors went through the City morgue to get to the stage. The new Abbey promises to be a striking modern building with the grey look of Portland stone.

Bold imaginative planning is something that Dublin hasn't known since Georgian days. More is the pity. The two most important buildings to go up in Dublin this century, the new Abbey and the concert hall dedicated to

President Kennedy are both in backwaters, though sites other capital cities would rave about, along the quays, are already in public ownership and ripe for re-development.

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STABLE

Then I travelled south along Europe's most uncrowded main roads—despite 750,000 British tourists a year—to Tipperary. There I lunched with Mr. VINCENT O'BRIEN the trainer and his Australian wife who live in a charming place, called Ballydoyle, which she has furnished with some lovely antiques.

Vincent O'Brien is one of that distinct race of people who live for horses. His is one of the finest, and most attractive racing stables I've ever seen. Roses bloom in the stable yard and the whole place had as much spit and polish as a flagship, with not a stray straw in sight. The gallops were fascinating, with four different types of surfaces running side by side on an arc

that looked like Epsom. Mr. O'Brien is one of those people who move swiftly and talk in quick staccato sentences. Probably this explains why he had time to catch the good salmon we had for lunch.

CASTLES IN THE FAMILY

Ireland has some 4,000 castles, hundreds of them still occupied. Bunratty has 15th-century banquets for tourists. One of the guests is always chosen to preside and given the title of Earl of Thomond for the evening. This leads to some incongruous situations such as when the choice fell on SIR ABUBAKAR TAFAWA BALEWA, Prime Minister of Nigeria.

Blarney Castle in Co. Cork is the most famous of all the Irish castles. Every year some 100,000 people manoeuvre on their backs in the greatest discomfort over the castle wall and kiss the Blarney Stone with hopes of its magical powers. The castle is approached across a village green



Mrs. Brian O'Kennedy, better known as dress designer Clodagh, whose clothes are sold in Knightsbridge and Fifth Avenue, at her Georgian home Beaumont House, Walton Terrace, Blackrock, Co. Dublin. The neighbours' children are co-opted at the weekend to help with the garden

so English that one instinctively looks for cricketers and pavilion. Beside the old castle is another castle built about 1870; both are the lifetime inheritance of Mrs. JACK HILLYARD with whom I lunched.

NOT FOR SALE

From time to time Americans write to Mrs. Hillyard and ask to buy the stone. "£100,000 is the usual thing offered. But I'd never sell; I believe there is really something magical in that stone." One American businessman stops in Ireland for a day every two years in order to kiss the stone and keep in his luck. The majority of visitors, though, are English.

CORK'S POPPING

Most of the people in this article have one thing in common, they were born in Cork. There is something about Corkmen that always keeps them one step ahead of their rivals. Hence the surprise to find that Cork City is coping with the motor car in anything but a brainy way. Parking there is a shambles.

Kinsale is the most fascinating old world town in the country. The Tourist Board have turned it into a deep sea angling resort. Rank have opened an hotel there, also an unusually good sea food restaurant named the Trident, and Trust Houses have acquired and expanded



Mr. Frederick Boland, Irish diplomat and former president of the United Nations, now Chancellor of Trinity College, Dublin, talking to Uganda undergraduate Mr. Emmanuel Serumaga in front of the college campanile. Mr. Boland is now director of several large Irish concerns including Guinness and the National Bank. He is a former Irish ambassador in London



Mr. Frank O'Connor, the Irish short story writer, by the hoardings around a fine line of Georgian houses whose demolition he strongly opposed. The site will be used to build new offices for the electricity authority. Mr. O'Connor is one of Ireland's outstanding spokesmen for the preservation of old buildings

Acton's Hotel, a series of Georgian houses, and put in a staff who give the friendliest hotel service to be found anywhere in the world.

CARAVANS—OLD STYLE

"Kinsale is the apple of my eye," DR. TIMOTHY O'DRISCOLL, Ireland's dynamic and imaginative head of tourism told me. Another of his ideas to serve a quickly changing tourism is to persuade farmers to rear game as they would a crop. "If we go on the way we're going it will be possible for visitors to book a shoot in five years' time." His campaign for private baths in hotels has had spectacular success.

Kerry with its jagged purple peaks loomed on the horizon long before I crossed the county boundary. Travelling from Kinsale I passed horse-drawn caravans driven by holiday-makers, many of them French or English teenagers. These caravans are let out by the hundred by Mr. MATT MURPHY from his establishment at Banteer in Co. Cork. I talked to his representative, TIM HOWARD. "It's the sociability they all like; everybody talks to you if you travel by horse-drawn caravan," he said.

LITERARY HOTEL

I dined with Mrs. BEATRICE GROSVENOR looking out on all the grandeur of the Lakes of Killarney at her hotel, the Castlerosse. The hotel is named after her uncle, the last Earl of Kenmare, better known as journalist Valentine Castlerosse. "The Bishop said that if it had a really good bar I must name the place after my uncle!" Having sold most of Killarney she had the hotel built to a design of Philip Jebb, grandson of Hilaire Belloc. It has a very personal style—actually it looks like a stud farm—and was planned with the motorist in mind.

Mrs. Grosvenor has an easygoing charm that belies her success in several exacting fields, one of these being the St. John Ambulance Brigade, where she was deputy to the late Countess Mountbatten.

NO TIME FOR INSPIRATIONS

Along the road, behind what must be the most formidable entrance gates in the world, lives Mr. JOHN MCSHAIN, an unassuming Philadelphia businessman who now virtually owns Killarney. Did he find it inspiring owning some of the world's grandest scenery? There was an explosion of laughter. "At my age—66—there are not many inspirations, and there isn't much time for acting on them." More laughter.

HOW BIG IS BIG?

He was quickly serious again, concerned in case I should write about him as "a big man." So here are the bare-bone facts. He's built the Pentagon, the State Department, in fact every great building in Washington except the White House and he has rebuilt that. Racing, he's won a handsome share of England's prizes, especially with his Vincent O'Brien-trained Ballymoss and Gladness. "The Derby still eludes me—but I'm trying." That will give him as big a kick as owning Killarney.

Letter from Scotland

by Jessie Palmer

For the first time since the 18th century the old brew house at Traquair House, near Innerleithen, is functioning again, with much of the old equipment being pressed into service once more.

The new experiment in brewing—and a highly successful one it is already proving to be—is being made by the owner of Traquair House, Mr. Peter Maxwell Stuart. Mrs. Stuart tells me they have been planning to do this, "just out of interest" since they moved to Traquair from London on the death of Mr. Stuart's father about two years ago. The brew house had for many years been used as a store room, but they found a lot of the old utensils still lying about.

They also found quite a lot of old family recipes, but whether it's the family recipes or a recipe from a helpful East Lothian brewery (who have given much friendly advice in the venture) that is responsible for the strength of the brew I couldn't quite discover. It seems that there has been influence from both sources to make the Traquair beer the strongest brewed in Britain. The ingredients, apart from the water, are supplied from the brewery which also does the bottling. Incidentally, the Traquair water was found to be too soft and had to have chemicals added to it.

They have had two brews already at Traquair, Mrs. Stuart tells me, each yielding 1,200 bottles. They're being sold to visitors to the house—open daily—at 5s. a bottle. On 29 August and 5 September at 8.30 p.m. Miss Elizabeth Seton will be giving a recital entitled "Traquair in Song and Verse." Her accompanist will be Miss Mary MacDonald, playing a 1641 Rucker's harpsichord, one of the oldest of its kind in the country. This is the first time a recital has been held at Traquair and the Stuarts are hoping to have the house floodlit for the occasion. Tickets will be 10s. 6d.

There is never a shortage of visitors to Traquair for it is famous far beyond Scotland for its firmly closed main gates. They were closed after Prince Charles Edward visited Traquair House following the disastrous '45, and they will not be opened again—according to family tradition—until a Stuart once more ascends the throne.

The film of the book

Another link with the Bonnie Prince was provided at a pleasant party held recently at Film House, Edinburgh, to mark the publication of *The Prince in the Heather* by Eric Linklater and to see the film of the same name for which Mr. Linklater wrote the script. The author was there in person and on the screen, for he is also the film's narrator. *The Prince in the Heather* covers the five months

between April and September 1746 when Prince Charles Edward was a hunted fugitive in Scotland. The film shows very graphically the sort of hardships he must have endured in a country that manages to be both bleak and beautiful. "We ran into some pretty rough weather," Mr. Linklater told me. He did the major part of the sea journey undertaken by the prince but admitted that he was "too old" for a lot of the land journey on the very high hill country.

Mr. Linklater views the prince with a sympathetic but unbiased eye. "He was born to be a king," he says. "When he saw he couldn't be that, he couldn't be anything. He just went to bits." Never one to sit back and relax merely because he has finished a book, Mr. Linklater tells me he has a historical work coming out next year and that he is at present working on the last chapters of a novel. What's it about? "Just you wait and see," he says provocatively.

An exhibition in autumn

Just back from four months in America—their first visit—are Professor & Mrs. D. Talbot Rice. Professor Rice, who has the Chair of Fine Arts at the University of Edinburgh, has been Visiting Professor at Mount Holyoake, the oldest women's university in America. During their stay they managed to visit all the major museums and universities. "We liked the students tremendously," she said. "They're extremely conscientious and they do work very hard."

After their hectic four months Professor & Mrs. Rice are living quietly at their English country cottage and Mrs. Rice is working on the final proofs of her book on the arts of Central Asia which will probably be coming out in September. In September, too, they're off to a Byzantine symposium in Yugoslavia but they will be up in Edinburgh before that for the Rumanian mediaeval art exhibition during the Edinburgh Festival. This is the first such exhibition ever to have gone outside Rumania to any European country and it is by way of being a personal triumph for Professor Rice and his wife—though they are too modest to say so—for it is the direct outcome of their visit last year to Rumania as the guests of the government.

The exhibition will include church vessels, ikons and embroidered portrait tomb covers. "The embroideries are absolutely staggeringly beautiful," Mrs. Rice told me. She has, however, a slight feeling of disappointment that there wasn't time to arrange a visit of the Rumanian ballet to coincide with the exhibition. "The standard of *Giselle*, which we saw, was exceptionally high," she says.

The cavalry and the cup

Teams from Australia, Ireland, Germany, Italy (the winners) and Great Britain competed for the Prince of Wales Cup, highlight of the Royal International Horse Show at White City. The same day saw the

presentation of awards for the F.E.I. Intermediare for Dressage, preceded by a parade and demonstration by the finalists, and the judging of the classes for lightweight hunters and small hacks

Mr. W. Roycroft of the Australian team riding Eldorado in the Prince of Wales Cup. The Australians were placed third



Mrs. J. S. Hall parades Conversano Caprice having won the F.E.I. Intermediare for dressage. Mrs. Hall lives at Fulmer, Bucks



Mrs. V. D. S. Williams, whose husband is a Vice-President of the Show, with Mr. Anthony Ansell, son of Colonel M. P. Ansell, Director of the Show

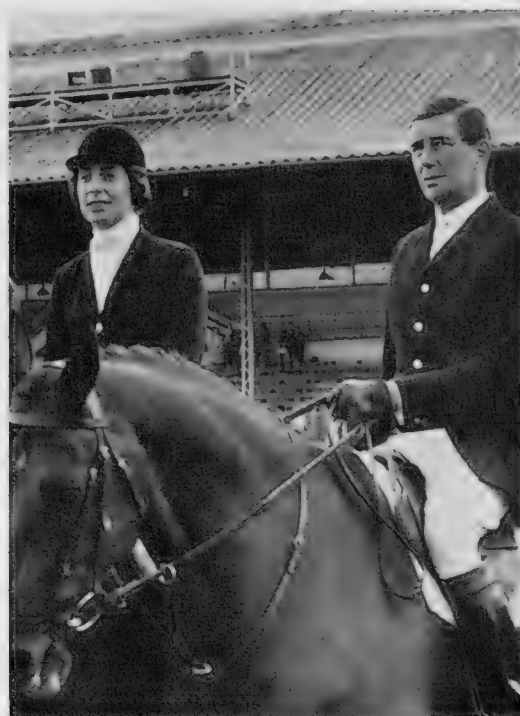


Commandant W. A. Ringrose riding Loch An Easpaig for Ireland, runners-up for the Cup. The Commandant won the Fare Ye Well Stakes on the same horse

Major Piero d'Inzeo and Ballyblak turn to take another jump as they competed for Italy, winners of the Prince of Wales Cup



The Duchess of Beaufort, whose husband is President of the Show



Members of the Irish team, the Hon. Diana Conolly-Carew, who rode Barrymore, and Mr. Seamus Hayes who had two magnificent clear rounds on Goodbye III

THIS WEDNESDAY IN PARTICULAR

by J. Roger Baker

Six faces with one concern—the difficult task of re-creating a successful American comedy on Shaftesbury Avenue. *Any Wednesday* is still running on Broadway after almost two years and is about an international businessman who, as a tax deductible expense, maintains a splendid apartment with a kooky girl inside it. He can only visit her on Wednesdays. His wife is unaware of the arrangement, and a lad from the Mid-West adds to the complex when, one Wednesday, they all arrive together . . . A distinguished British cast and director have been assembled and the play ends a six week period of darkness for the Apollo Theatre when it opens there tonight, Wednesday.

Guide to the faces, from the left:

With two cigarettes: John Fraser, as Cass, the boy from the backwoods.

The single eye: Frank Dunlop who is directing. He mounted *Son of Oblomov* and was a founder-director of the new Nottingham Playhouse. He saw this play in New York: "Don't get me typed as only doing serious stuff, this sort of play is great fun." The clutch of balloons is a love token that pops up from time to time through the play along with many other amusing props.

On the telephone: Muriel Resnik who wrote the play. Short, dynamic, much-travelled American, terrified of the English critics, but very happy about the production: "These British actors certainly work, and they love the audience; the Americans seem to wish there were none and play only for themselves." Miss Resnik is closely concerned with the Actors' Studio; takes part in their improvisation sessions. The eternal problem of putting American accents in the mouths of British actors is less marked in this play. "The businessman is an international figure; we have our class distinctions too, you know, and he is upper. Men like that do not have a strong American accent and I feel that in this sense the point will be clearer here than on Broadway." Miss Resnik, who has written several novels but no plays before, is married to a photo-journalist Wallace Litwin and together they have prepared an article about London for an American magazine.

In the centre: Amanda Barrie as Ellen, the girl in the middle of things, a rapidly rising comedy actress and regarded as ideal for the role which Sandy Dennis played on Broadway.

With the hobby horse: Moira Lister as Dorothy, the wife in the dark.

With the champagne: Dennis Price, returning to the stage as John the businessman.



PHOTOGRAPH: SHAUN GORDON



THE QUIET REVOLUTION

Small children, they say, are brighter and more outgoing than in any previous generation. The change is due to a quiet revolution that has been building steadily over the last decade. June Ducas talked to some of the people responsible for it and reports her findings below

Are children different today? Have mothers been giving birth to a new human race suddenly more advanced, more grown-up at an earlier age than in previous generations? At least one authority thinks it unlikely. Freda Lingstrom, who was head of B.B.C. Children's Television when it began its first daily service in 1950, says that "the vocabulary of small children today may be more sophisticated but they aren't any different if you scratch them."

But what has altered without any doubt is the attitude of adults towards the young, especially in many professional fields. The modern child's environment, too, is much faster moving, with cars, planes, rockets and visual aids like television all combining to provide the opportunity for greater knowledge and a broader outlook. Even so, children under ten basically have to accept what they are given—rebellion usually takes place later. But what they have been given in many fields has a new outlook. A quiet revolution has taken place during which adults have been reforming their views on how and with what children should grow up.

A London psychologist told me "fundamentally they should all grow like weeds." Childhood ought to be fun and certainly things are moving that way. Schools are dropping the "chalk and talk" mentality—learning is permitted to be amusing. There are bright, grown-up looking clothes to wear, well designed toys and a profusion of entertainment. One hopes that this emerging generation will not, like older ones, look back in despair at their childhood and sigh with relief at leaving its misery behind.

Who are the people mainly involved with sparking off these new ideas and breaking down outmoded theories? One of many is the American **Doctor Benjamin Spock** whose book *Baby And Child Care*, has appeared in sixteen translations apart from English and has had a colossal impact on young mothers. Spock's book, published in 1946 in America and in 1955 in England as a hardback by Bodley Head, shows how to accept children as individuals. Spock holds that cast iron disciplinary methods of bringing up children bring poor results—but he does not preach spoiling children. The reverse in fact, for he believes that the normal child is happier and better behaved if parents exercise a reasonable control. Spock's advice is basically common-sense and renders a signal service to millions of mothers engaged in what is probably the most important single job in the world. Spock says himself: "Intelligent, well-adjusted citizens are the most valuable possessions a country has and good mothercare during early childhood is the



Caleb Gattegno—the humanization of mathematics

surest way to produce them."

As in the nursery so in the schools the dominant authoritarian atmosphere is dying out. "Do as you like can often mean that children will like what they do, though even now some adults may feel that there is something wrong with a school where children enjoy their work." But this reactionary attitude is dying too and if a grown-up can claim "I only do a job well if I enjoy it" the same must go for his children. In the field of education a large slice of the credit must go to **Caleb Gattegno**, who "humanized the teaching of mathematics," writes Peter Caldwell, now a lecturer of mathematics at a technical college. Caldwell was one of many teachers and lecturers who wrote to me about the genius of Gattegno who, in 1952, formed the Association of Teachers of Mathematics with a membership of 4,000. In 1953 Gattegno published *Numbers in Colour*, after meeting Georges Cuisenaire in Belgium, and made Cuisenaire's coloured rods available here.

It is difficult for any teacher to explain abstract concepts to small children but—give a child everyday material so that he can learn through practical experience and he is likely to remember the idea, which has been translated into something tangible. "Cubes and rods can show in a very clear way how our number system works." I must honestly admit that while looking at all this equipment I saw the daylight for the first time about elementary things like square roots, equations and simple algebra. The headmistress from an Infants school writes how excited children shrieked at her "look teacher, two reds make pink, two whites make red, two yellows make orange. How can I write it?" Children are allowed to discover for themselves and they do not have to wait for less able members of the class. From *Numbers in Colour*, Gattegno

went on to publish *Words in Colour* in 1962 using the same principle of colour to teach children to read. A new approach to an old problem.

Another new medium for teaching children to read quickly and easily is the Initial Teaching Alphabet or I.T.A. It is impossible to prove its success yet. But well over one thousand teachers have experienced the medium—a few over the period of four school years. Thus it seems likely that it will have a successful future.

I talked to **Sir James Pitman**, grandson of the inventor of shorthand, who has been working out the system for 30 years. "It was really Arthur Lloyd James of the B.B.C. who challenged me as a phonetic expert to do something about traditional orthography—which after all has not changed since the Middle Ages." Quite a thought . . . but what about all those extra characters that a child must learn with I.T.A.? In fact I.T.A. cuts them down from 2,000 to 45 characters "eliminating ambiguities like buy, by, bye, aisle, I'll, they lead the way, they weight the lead." There are now 1,000 schools in the United Kingdom using the medium and even two in Singapore. Sir James does not claim that bright children cannot learn traditional orthography as fast—but maintains that I.T.A. helps the understanding of words. There is no struggle with the actual reading and so children can concentrate on the sense. They therefore write more lucidly, increase their vocabulary, and spelling has been found "to be actually better or rather not as bad." Certainly with backward or deaf children I.T.A. is an undisputed help and Sir James says with truth "reading with difficulty can stunt a child's education from the start."

Patrick Gordon Walker, who is now adviser to the I.T.A. foundation writes "If in school after school, teacher after teacher gives the same answers to the same



Paul and Marjorie Abbatt—a lead in toymaking



Sir James Pitman—a challenge in orthography

question; if in school after school you observe the same kind of behaviour pattern in the children—well this seems to me a kind of research that is pretty convincing. I have yet to find a teacher who, having given I.T.A. a fair start, has given it up or wants to give it up. All I.T.A. teachers up and down the country have told me that children learn reading more quickly and above all with greater joy." Before passing judgment, one must realize that most teachers who have entered the experiment have done so as sceptics and yet have all been converted.

While I was with Sir James I asked him if he felt that television was a good thing for small children. To my amazement his reaction was "it brings right into the home real life situations—which increase concepts

through language and in doing so open verbal situations pictorially." I had anticipated that he would be opposed to it. "The tool is good—one can only blame the parents if they misuse it."

In the case of television used as a teaching medium the scope looks enormous. The first teaching programmes were relayed in 1957 by Rediffusion just before the B.B.C. They were thrust on the air mainly because of the enthusiasm and drive of the managing director, **Paul Adorian**. Sir John Wolfenden, the first Chairman of the Education Advisory Council to Schools' Television said "I can only guess that Mr. Adorian's championship of this whole matter of schools programmes was particularly energetic." Adorian, who started life as an engineer told me at the

start the schools were reluctant—they were probably scared that the teachers would become redundant—but Rediffusion has gone out of its way to make our school programmes not direct teaching but enrichment." To begin with Rediffusion had to present television sets and maintain them in order to convince the schools. Now there are 9,000 schools out of 30,000 with a set—still a small percentage though. Mr. Adorian says "there is little doubt that learning by combined visual and aural means appears to be most effective."

The full potential of teaching by television has still to be reached but Paul Adorian in championing the first programmes has already had a considerable influence. Peter Laslett, a lecturer in history at Cambridge and a Fellow of Trinity College, writes in *Where* that television is helping to transform American education, particularly in science, mathematics and languages. He admits that he went to America with a certain bias about the American attitude to anything new—but it only makes his conquest more poignant. Mr. Laslett saw how it can handle large classes, keep up with the latest teaching methods and above all have the best teachers. Here in England we have only just begun—"How much better it would be if there were an independent teaching service on television in Britain which covered all subjects and put out its lessons many times in the day. A service run by teachers for teachers as well as their pupils. Then we might see what this medium could do."

By comparison with the educational service, everyday children's television is sometimes disappointing—despite the excellent policy of Rediffusion "to entertain instructively and to instruct entertainingly." The B.B.C. claims to produce regularly some excellent classics. *The Old Curiosity Shop*, for example, was watched by 3,775,000 children, 630,000 more than *Crackerjack* which seems to discount the claim that children want no more than "quiz and pop song in a jelly of weak comic patter." As one child said "how can we turn to more cultural things like music and art when there aren't any on television?"

There are, however, some vague reassurances. One came from Ursula Eason, Assistant head of B.B.C. family programmes who pointed out that, according to a sociological research made, it cannot be proved that "television did no active harm to children and in fact the children exposed were more sympathetic to foreigners." It certainly has the power to do better than just be a negative box with four buttons in a row.

Very small children's programmes seem to be the best, like *Small Time*, on Commercial Television, or *Watch with Mother*, on B.B.C. I went to visit **Maria Bird**, who together with **Freda Lingstrom** started *Andy Pandy* 15 years ago—which means that they must have had a good deal of influence on many small children. Maria Bird writes the music and it is her voice that is recorded. Andy Pandy was created to talk at the level of a three-year-old; the music written within the range of their voices. Miss Bird and Miss Lingstrom, who was the head of children's television until 1956 both feel that Andy Pandy has been a "moral influence and a benign one," I am sure that is true. Freda Lingstrom has very strong ideas about the policy for children's programmes and firmly believes that they



Derek Bibby and Sindy—a success with dolls



were like lumps of sugar and that “toy shops were trifling with great possibilities,” Paul and Marjorie Abbatt saw the point and made the well designed large, solid wooden bricks in exciting shapes that are still best sellers.

There is no doubt that to surround a child with well designed objects from the start will give him a chance to grow up appreciating the best and mould his taste to want only the best. I talked to **Vanessa Denza**, who was the buyer of the 21 Shop at Woollands and is now with Wallis shops. She helped to launch the Sindy doll and with Marion Foale and Sally Tuffin planned Sindy's wardrobe. They still do. “Nothing but the exact shade of grey flannel will do, the right material—the perfect shape to the last detail. I hope that at least some idea of good design will rub off on the children in later life”. Vanessa said. Sindy has been so carefully planned by experts—even her hair was set by Michael at John of Knightsbridge in a fringe and flick-up style instead of habitual pigtails. “Sindy is always up to date and will move with the times,” **Derek Bibby** now managing director of Pedigree Dolls told me. Sindy was launched two years ago, and has sold in many, many thousands. Derek Bibby, then chief sales manager, was directly responsible. “We wanted to make a doll that was acceptable both to the child and to the mothers. The parents had already shot down the bosomy teenage dolls with high heels—the only other alternative was a baby doll. Also little girls had nothing to collect, while boys had trains, planes and cars.” The idea was culled from the successful American personality dolls but Sindy “was designed for the English market and we aim for any child to put her into her own way of life.” Sindy appeals to the little girl who now wants to keep up to date and as every year new clothes are brought out in the latest trends, so Sindy can do a great deal to develop good dress sense and also keep the eyes of little girls moving all the time with fresh ideas.

Just as Sindy has kept little girls up to fashion with their dolls clothes, so **Alistair Cowin**, who started Grade One two years ago, has kept the little girls' own wardrobes in the swing. He has influenced very strongly the way they dress and his children's clothes shop set hundreds of other people on the same idea. Until then nothing new had really come out to dress little girls in since the smock. Alistair Cowin changed the look of “tummy-first-little-ladies” from fitted shapes to loose shifts. The children love it especially “as they are just like grown-up dresses.” Both Alistair Cowin and his mother who run Grade One took their architectural exams and passed—Mrs. Cowin was a colour consultant for many years to Bergers Paints. Anyhow they both have a terrific sense of design and make only “what we think is good.” They choose fabrics carefully—textures are important and shape too. The clothes have of course been copied, which as Mrs. Cowin puts it “is flattering”. But it is also the best proof that they are leaders. As they are copied so they change their ideas—they started a totally original look for little girls and certainly can claim to be among the people who do not produce the “objects of common use” which “create a hideous environment for Britons.”

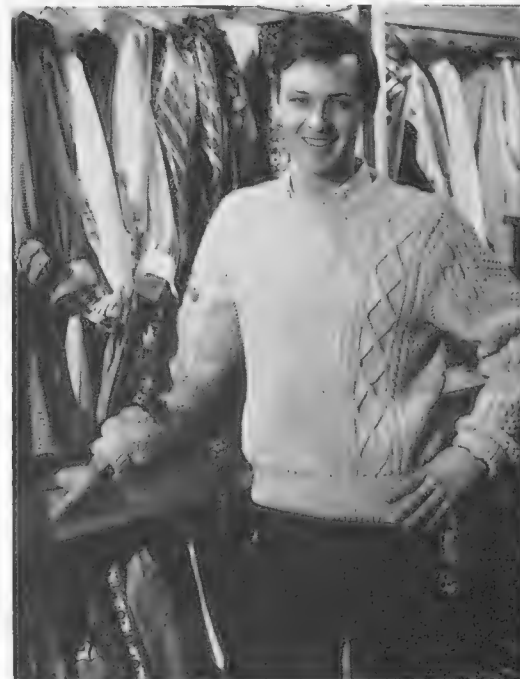


Paul Adorian—an experiment in TV

“should not just sit in heaps in front of the screen”. In her day she made sure that at least one-third of the programmes encouraged children to make and do things after the set was turned off. The result was that the post department was not very pleased with the pile-up in the early mornings and soon a whole department had to be made to deal with the children's activities.

Now switch the television firmly off and take a look at other more simple entertainments like toys. Who are the leaders in this world? And are the leaders going in the right direction—for as Sir John Rothenstein says “poor architecture and poorly designed objects of common use are creating a hideous environment for Britons.”

To my mind **Paul and Marjorie Abbatt** gave toy making here a lead with all the genius that Courrège has in the fashion world. They began in the 1930s. At that time, Mr. and Mrs. Abbatt told me there was little to buy—except for cardboard jigsaws, dolls with their dresses stitched on,



Alistair Cowin—a hit with Grade One

games, such as Ludo for older children and cuddly toys for the smaller ones. Paul and Marjorie Abbatt went off on a year's honeymoon all over the world and were first inspired to open a shop by the nursery schools in Vienna. When they returned, instead of going into teaching, they started making strong, sturdy toys the right weight and size for the child. They made the right toy for the right age—“then skill leads on to skill, the sense of power brings confidence and habits of concentration are begun quite naturally in play.” They were immediately successful, selling to nursery schools toys like wooden jigsaws, specially designed by a girl from the R.C.A., climbing frames which had all sorts of landing places and spots for houses, doorways and look-out towers. Children had the opportunity to use their imagination and the toys involved the child in a meaningful situation. The Abbatts modestly say “we just provided the children with what they wanted to play with. When H. G. Wells said that children's bricks

THE YOUNG MAKERS



Their work is mainly seen in London's booming boutique land. They are craftsmen—artists too—whose skills range from sculpture to textile design, who work in leather, silk, glass, china clay and a dozen other mediums. Tony Evans talked to and photographed seven of these young people, mostly in their homes which are also their workshops

Sally Jess makes handbags for an ever-increasing boutique trade. She is married to John Jesse—the name is tantalizingly almost the same—who runs a stall in the Portobello Road and deals in antiques. Sally first intended to become a sculptor and studied at the Regent Street Polytechnic for five years. The ambition died when she found a building market for her handbags after boutique owners had seen some that she

had made for friends. She now produces six to eight dozen bags a week—with ties as a sideline—working at home in a mews cottage off the Portobello Road. She has no desire to saddle herself with promises but eventually would like to spend more time designing and less stitching. The Jesses have two children: daughter Tiffany, eight months, and son Kells, three years.



Above: Raymond and Suzanne Bradley work together producing kaleidoscopes in a beautiful studio with a country cottage garden in the unlikely purlieus of Olympia. Both are stained glass designers and Mr. Bradley has made some distinguished contributions to the craft—notably for the Church of St. Samson at Ouistreham in Normandy and for Dorney Church near Windsor. He made the first kaleidoscopes for amusement and gave them to friends. Word reached a West End buyer and business steadily mounted; husband and wife now produce about 500 a month. Various components are now tooled to their own requirements, but Suzanne assembles them herself. The Bradleys feel that production of their kaleidoscopes is now at a steady level to provide the necessary independence for Ray to continue his stained glass work. They don't want to increase production in case the quality should suffer

Right: Ann Hechle is a girl who is perfectly at home in graveyards where she takes rubbings of monumental engravings that command a ready sale in America. She studied general art at Reigate for a year, went on to the Central School of Arts & Crafts for a year of general art and two years of calligraphy. She now lives in a Kensington flat and teaches two days a week at Sutton Art School. The rest of her time is divided between calligraphy and brass and grave rubbings. Miss Hechle learned a great deal from Fidelity Dean, whom she met at the Central and who is considered an expert in this field. She is not interested in expanding the business and having rubbings produced in quantity. For her the fascination lies in the search and the execution. She is thinking of turning her hand to silk screen printing and has plans to market a Christmas card

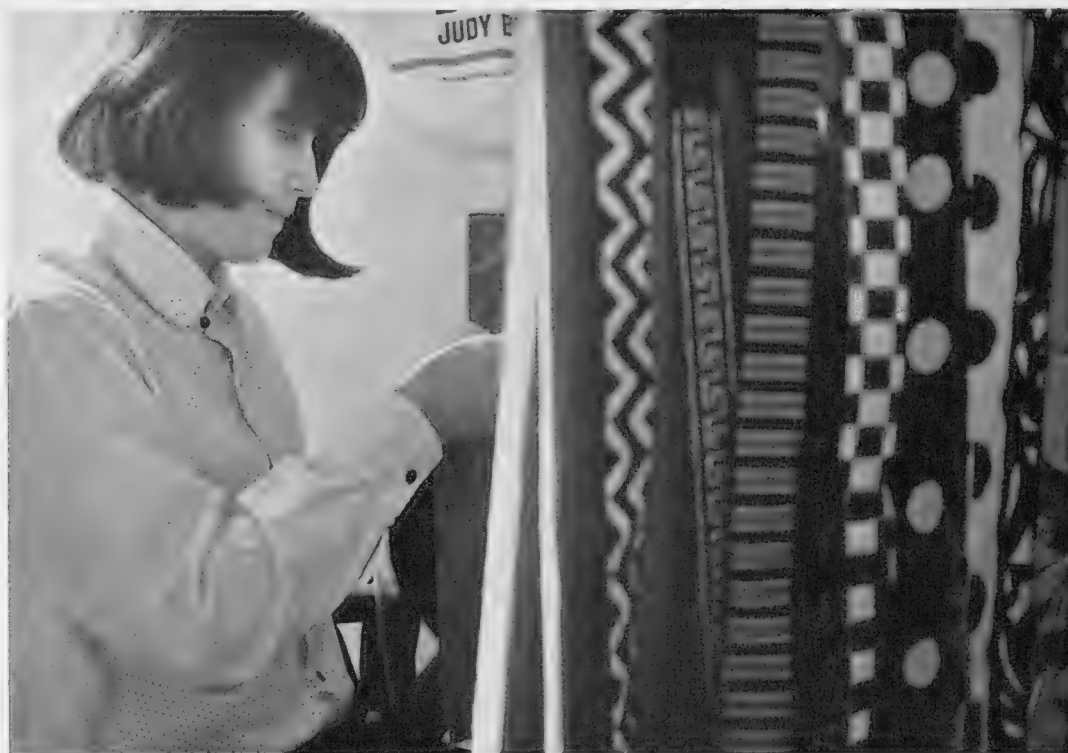







Above: Elisabeth Armstrong has been making beautiful mirrors for two years in designs reminiscent of Mexican folk art. She first studied graphic design and fabric printing at the Chelsea School of Art for four years, then spent three years as a free-lance illustrator, also making silk scarves for the old type of boutique. Then a friend introduced her to the technique of casting things in resin. She produced experimentally half-a-dozen mirrors using designs made from nails, screws, rivets, washers, bits of coloured glass and mirror glass all mounted in a polyester frame. Then the General Trading Company offered an exhibition, the show sold out and the company have been buying from her ever since. Miss Armstrong works fast, but it still takes almost a week to complete a mirror. She isn't worried about duplicating a design as the chances are remote. "I have produced a million variations on the circle. I think I'll go mad if I see another one."

Above, right: Elisabeth Mugridge studied crafts at Brighton School of Art, now lives in Fulham and teaches pottery two days a week. The rest of the time she spends at home making fabric wall panels. The technique involves tying the fabrics in various ways with string—sometimes around wooden formers—before they are dyed. When the string is removed the protected fabric has retained its original colour in a pattern which can again be varied by further tying and dyeing. Her complex designs began as experiments given to friends. They attracted buyers and business has built steadily since. Miss Mugridge will give up teaching after this summer to concentrate on her wall panels. She will have an exhibition



of her work early next month at the Westside Gallery in Campden Street, W.8. *Above:* Jos Tilson designs and makes ties—two to three dozen a week—for the Victoria & Albert Boutique. She achieved her production line by a somewhat roundabout route, beginning as a student of sculpture at the Bath Academy of Art, where she spent four years. Awarded a British Council Italian Scholarship, she went to Rome, where she met and married painter Joe Tilson. They live now in a

Kensington house where husband Joe uses the whole ground floor as a studio. The living/cooking/eating area occupies the whole of the first floor, where Jos also makes her ties. After making them for friends, she started supplying the V. & A. 18 months ago. Mrs. Tilson would prefer eventually only to concern herself with the design and leave the making-up to other hands. In a busy life she also finds time to look after three children—Jake, seven; Anna, six, and Sophy-Jane, six months



Noël Dyrenforth discovered Batik nearly two years ago and after six months of experiment became skilful enough in the process to design a range of dresses in Thai silk to sell to Liberty of London. Scarves and ties followed; all were hand-produced, each piece an original. Mr. Dyrenforth is also a painter and he experimented further with combinations of colour and more liberal forms, developing his designs into Batik paintings or wallhangings closely allied to his painting style. Mr. Dyrenforth explains Batik as an Indonesian word describing a resist process in dyeing. This consists of drawing on fabric with molten wax. When dipped in dye only the exposed parts of the fabric will take the colour. Oldest-known batiks are found in Japan, dating from the eighth century. The Indonesian and Malayan batik designs are normally traditional and limited to blues and red-browns. In adopting this technique Mr. Dyrenforth tries to be more Western in his design thinking, using wax more liberally and a wider range of colour effects

IRISH IMPRESSIONS



Fashion by Unity Barnes

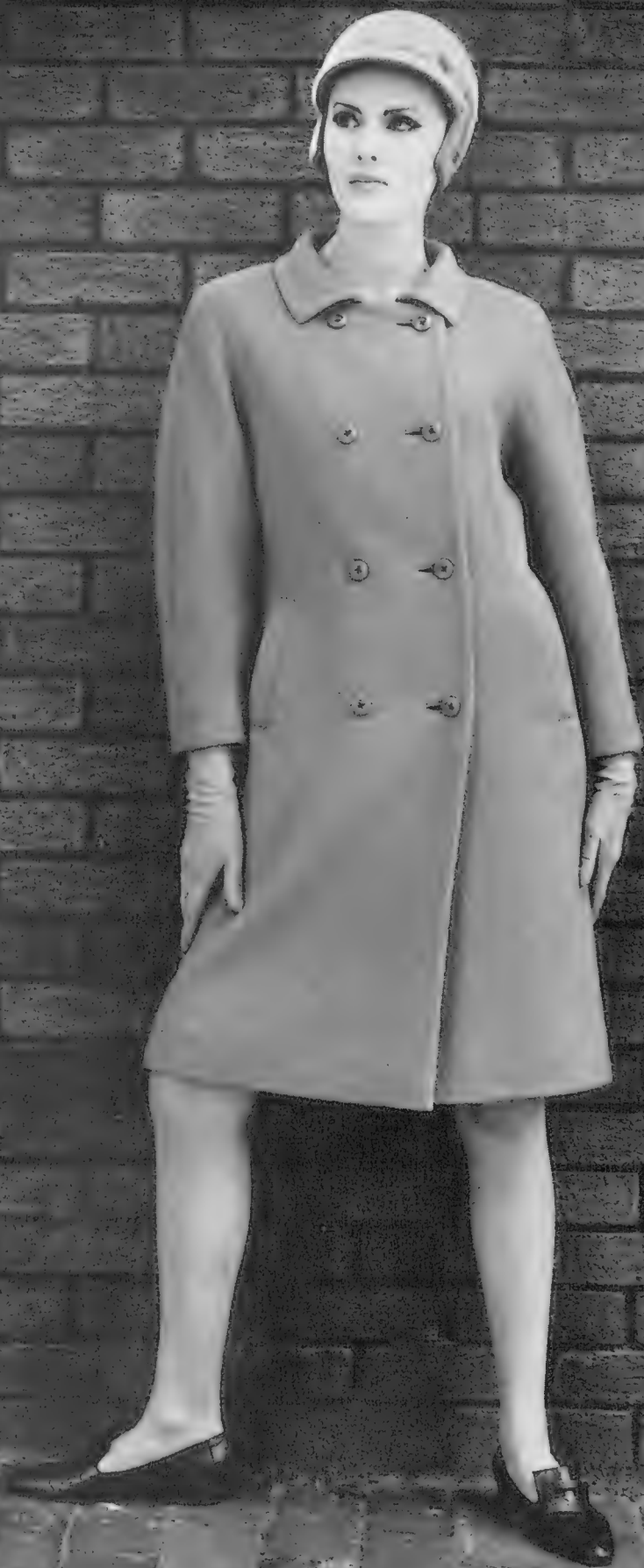
Irish clothes are taking a growing share of the international fashion market, advancing quietly and confidently from their earthy beginnings of bainin and fisherman's sweaters into a greater sophistication, without losing their essentially Irish charm. Mostly they are soft, light, subtly coloured, easily placed in town or country settings anywhere.

Photographs by
John Hedgecoe.

Left: The lush countryside of County Wicklow is the setting for a soft wool and mohair suit, dappled in sand and grey, with a half-belt linking its deep slit pockets. By Henry White, 39½ gns. at Harrods; Rackhams, Birmingham; Marshall & Snelgrove, Leeds.

Right: Clover pink and navy herringbone-patterned Irish tweed forms the basis of an easy-moving dress with a long bodice of navy tweed, a slotted leather belt. Strelitz, 8 gns. at Jane Austen, Queensway; Walshs, Sheffield; Lucinda Byre, Liverpool.





Left: cosmopolitan coat in brilliant pink velour, sculptured into a smoothly perfect shape. By J. N. Clarke, 42½ gns. at Liberty. Beige helmet by Otto Lucas at Fortnum & Mason. Lizard-fronted shoes, £5 19s. 6d., at Russell & Bromley, New Bond Street

Right: the classical perfection of Dublin's Georgian doorways offsets a co-ordinated trio of casuals by Dorothy Pinnock: a Shetland tweed skirt in misty blue with a cardigan in the same yarn and a colour-matched fine wool blouse. Skirt 6 gns., cardigan 4½ gns., blouse 6½ gns. at Harrods

IRISH IMPRESSIONS



IRISH IMPRESSIONS



Left: cyclamen, purple and orange intermingle in a warmly glowing tweed suit, rouleau-tied at the neck; the skirt swings into panel pleats at the front. By Sheila Mullally, 42 gns. at Harrods
Right: at Glendalough, the walls are bright with moss and grass: against them, a slate grey Irish tweed coat and skirt, the short-sleeved overblouse checked with oatmeal. By Irene Gilbert at Rackhams, Birmingham; also, to order, from Harrods





Left: close-cut dress in many-toned pink Irish tweed, with prim little crochet collar and cuffs in pink wool. By Clodagh, about 15½ gns. at Harrods; Browns, Chester; McEwens, Perth

Right: in the cool, green calm of Glendalough: a blonde Irish tweed suit with coffee stripes marking out its straight, clean-cut lines. By Elizabeth James, 44½ gns. at Harrods

IRISH IMPRESSIONS



THE FAIRY TALE BOLSHOI

The Bolshoi Ballet Company's summer season at the Royal Festival Hall continues until 21 August with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Algis Zhuraitis who is the Bolshoi's principal conductor in Moscow. In their London repertoire Elena Ryabinkina and Alexander Begak (*top right*) dance *Raymonda* and Lubmila Vlasova and Stanislav Vlasov (*far right*) dance *The Swan Princess*. The 70-strong company will also dance *Scriabiniana*, *Walpurgis Night*, a special version of *Don Quixote*, *Divertissements* and excerpts from *Swan Lake* and *Giselle*. Assaf Messerer (*right*) ballet master to the Bolshoi, himself appears in *School of Ballet*, his pupils played by English girls from Arts Educational Schools in London. One of the more spectacular moments is the Tartars' Dance (*below*) from *The Fountains of Bakhshiasarai*



on plays

John Salt / An arrow to the heart

A new and noteworthy name is welcomed to the West End in Pauline Macaulay whose play *The Creeper* is at the St. Martin's Theatre. The occasion also served to welcome the return of that disciplined and sensitive actor Mr. Eric Portman in a role so specially suited to his talents that he might almost have written it for himself.

The Creeper can be enjoyed on a variety of levels; as a straight thriller, as an essay in Pinteresque menace, and as a study of a mind, several minds, tormented. You pay your money and you take your choice but what is certain is that on none of the levels will you be cheated.

Take it on the Pinter level for a start and I'll admit that there are enough of non sequiturs to justify the master of the medium himself. But I'll also say that *The Creeper* owes a great deal less to Harold Pinter than it does to *The Golden Bough* of Sir James Frazer. You can see then that on this level alone things become complicated but I persist that they remain quite astoundingly entertaining.

Let's take it next into the realm of souls in torment. The association is no less apt except that I don't remember many smiles in Dante's *Inferno* or in Sartre's *Huis Clos* but in *The Creeper* there are not only smiles but laughs as well. But don't imagine from the foregoing that the play is in line of descent from the British-type comedy thriller of unfortunate memory and don't think it is a classic either.

Look at it finally as you might do from the stalls at a long-running Agatha Christie. Are there murders, you ask me. Yes, there are. Deaths, anyway, two in number. Are these deaths justified in the event? Well yes they are, insofar as any death is justified. In *The Creeper* one might almost say that the victims asked for extinction but don't go leaping from that to the conclusion that the play is an exposition of the death wish.

The Creeper is none of these things separately but a composite of them all and the whole is greater than the parts. To tell the story of a lyrical play in flat prose would be unhelpful to the prospective playgoer and unfair to the playwright but I will at least set the scene

and hope that the characters won't take over. Eric Portman plays Edward Kimberley, a man of money but not of affairs, who inhabits a tall and richly furnished house in Highgate whose only other permanent resident is his octogenarian butler—the venerable Mr. George Merritt.

There are other less permanent residents, young men who are engaged as companions to Mr. Kimberley. Few of them last any time at all for Mr. Kimberley's temper is uncertain and his habits eccentric—though not as eccentric as all that, as he makes clear in an opening scene. Still eccentric enough, for it is not every paid companion who will meekly endure his master's nightly piano-playing from twelve until two, consent to play cards with him from four until dawn and then join with him in a cross-country walk before a massive breakfast. There are compensations admittedly and excellent opportunities also for healthy relaxation. Mr. Kimberley takes special pleasure in Indian games around the shrubbery with feathers in his hair and real arrows for his bow. Such pastimes, one fears, will be the death of him. But all this is not enough; companions need to sleep at times and in despair and utter weariness they resign and depart.

The picture windows of Kimberley's study are shrouded in the green of the giant creeper that has killed his favourite tree. This submarine light suffuses the opening scene in which a new young man, Maurice, played by Peter Blythe, is interviewed by Kimberley. We meet at the same time his jaundiced predecessor Michel (Noel Davis) so deep in a fit of semi-female sulks that he dares to be rude to his employer. There is another member of the cast described simply as Man in a Raincoat. He is in fact a police inspector (Jonathan Newth) who never quite gets around to inquiring what is buried in the garden apart from anemone corms.

The balance of this play is exquisitely judged, both in the writing of Miss Macaulay and the direction of Mr. Donald McWhinnie. No one character overshadows or is overshadowed, a magical, unreal quality of strange beauty is engendered and the denouement when it comes is an arrow to the heart.



on films

Elsbeth Grant/Whisky galore

There's a wink in the voice of the narrator, John Dehner, as he introduces **The Hallelujah Trail** (U) with a solemn account of the sad state of affairs in Denver City, Colorado, in 1867, when, through a combination of most unfortunate circumstances, only 10 days' supply of whisky remained in the whole community to see the hard-drinking miners through the rapidly approaching long, cold winter. Mr. Dehner is tipping us off that no tears need be shed over the gravity of the situation—and he's right: Cinerama's latest epic, in Technicolor and Ultra Panavision, turns out to be the jolliest yet—a burlesque Western, directed by John Sturges.

On the advice of Oracle Jones (Donald Pleasence), a sly old bar-fly, the citizens of Denver club together to lay in a reasonable stock of warming alcohol—and soon, under cavalry escort, a train of 40 wagons containing 16,000 barrels of whisky and goodness knows how many cases of champagne is winding through the glorious Colorado landscape, all the way from Julesburg.

A bunch of impatient miners sets out to meet it. They are anxious about its safety—and justifiably, too, for a hundred or so thirsty Sioux Indians are preparing to pounce on the wagon train, and a horde of hymn-singing female temperance campaigners is out to intercept it and destroy the precious cargo. All the parties meet in the middle of a howling dust storm and a madly confused battle breaks out—nobody knowing who's fighting whom and everybody banging away regardless in all directions.

Since this is strictly a spoof Western, there isn't, I'm happy to say, a single casualty. Burt Lancaster, giving an excellent deadpan comedy performance as a cavalry colonel, can't get over it: "It's a miracle—so many bullets missing so many people," he says gravely. It would have been another miracle if Mr. Sturges had been able to keep up the pace and the fun throughout the second half of this 167-minute film.

There are still some hilarious scenes—the kidnapping of the temperance women by the Indians, a pow-wow in sign language, a strike staged by the Irish teamsters, the Indians' first encounter with champagne (crazier "crazy-water"

than they had bargained for), and the parched miners woe-fully watching wagons sinking in quicksands—but Mr. Sturges tends to spoil even his best gags by loitering over them. Jim Hutton is pleasing as a goofy young captain, Mr. Pleasence plays the boozy visionary as to the bottle born, and Lee Remick, though over-arch, will do in the role of the leading crusader for temperance.

If you expect **The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders** (X) to reach or even approach the heights of rollicking bawdry achieved by *Tom Jones* you will be disappointed again. Very much, I shouldn't wonder. Kim Novak can bare all the bosom she pleases or the censor allows, her Moll remains a milk and water Miss—not in the least like the warm-blooded, lusty 18th-century serving wench who bedded her way through Defoe's story.

Miss Novak lacks gusto—she falls down a good deal but she doesn't bounce—and from the lack of enthusiasm with which she enters upon some of her amorous adventures, you'd think she had decided that sex is not all it's cracked up to be. Maybe it isn't, but as she's using it as a means to better herself—Moll aspires to become a lady of quality—she'd stand more chance of success if she appeared to take some pleasure in it. As it is, her ambition is understandably never fulfilled.

Moll, an orphan, is seduced by a country gentleman, married off to a drunken oaf, and widowed while still in her teens. In borrowed finery, she makes her way to London by coach—meets a raffish highwayman (Richard Johnson) and a rich banker (George Sanders) *en route*: in London she is pursued by both and eventually marries the latter, only to leave him on the wedding night for love of the former. Things go ill for her, she takes to pick-pocketing and shoplifting and lands in Newgate, condemned to death: fortunately her rich husband dies first, leaving her money enough to buy off the hangman, marry the highwayman, and seek a new life in the colonies.

Lilli Palmer as a broad-minded female fence, Angela Lansbury as an impecunious lady of fashion, and Vittorio de Sica as a penniless Italian count with designs on Moll, give eminently stylish performances

—as do Messrs. Johnson and Sanders, of course—but style is a commodity Miss Novak is lamentably short on and she's so outshone by the Europeans, one can see why she might, like Moll, welcome transportation. The costumes are pretty, the colour charming, the dialogue by no means disgraceful, the humour bearable if somewhat heavy-handed—and the director, Terence Young, might have made a better stab at a period piece if he hadn't been stuck with a star who seems to have no sense of period at all. Com-miserations, Mr. Young.

Shenandoah (U), directed by Andrew V. McLaglen, stars James Stewart as a drawling, straw-chewing, benign Virginian farmer who wants no part of the currently raging

American Civil War: we're back with that old thing—A.D. 1863. He keeps no slaves—since he has six strapping sons and a daughter, he scarcely needs to—and if people want to fight for the right to do so, that's no concern of his'n. At least, it isn't until marauding Union troops take his 16-year-old boy (Phillip Alford) prisoner for wearing a Confederate Army cap he's found in the river.

Mr. Stewart's dogged attempts to find the boy bring tragedy to the family: to become involved in war in any way is to court sorrow and death. I think that's what the film is saying. It could have said it more persuasively if it had not tempered realism with cosy, semi-jocular and all too pawky sentimentalism.



David Boyd, the Australian artist now living in London, whose current exhibition at Zwemmers, Church & State, sums up his impressions of modern Spain. It ends on 7 August

on books

Oliver Warner/Portrait of a young man

How delightful when there comes along a novel so outstanding that, far from being unable to put it down, in the good old phrase, one wants to stretch it out for days. J. B. Priestley's **Lost Empires**

(Heinemann 25s.) is of this sort. It fits its period as if made to measure. The story spans a few months in the life of a young Yorkshireman just before World War I. He takes a job at £5 a week as assistant to his

uncle, who is a first rate illusionist. Priestley captures the spirit of the old time music halls, with their players and tricksters, to a T. Though reminiscent, this is not in the least a nostalgic tale. It is life, well rendered as it enmeshes the young.

Ian Parsons's anthology begins where Priestley's book leaves off—at World War I—and I cannot imagine a more sombre collection of poems than are included in **Men Who March Away** (Chatto & Windus 21s.) The title is from Hardy, and when I add that other poets found herein include Blunden, de la Mare, Graves, Kipling, Wilfred Owen, Herbert Read, Rosenberg and Sassoon, the quality of the contents will be indicated. Half a century on, World War I still enthral and appals us, and I agree with the editor when he makes the point that most of his chosen items are so good in their own right that the assembly has "something more than historical and documentary value."

No Room for Tourists by Margaret Black (Secker & Warburg 35s.) is a book about Apartheid by a woman who, with her husband, settled in South Africa in 1946, loved the place, had her children there—and left. She left only after agonized reflection, protracted over several years. "A people's attitude to change is the key to its character, and to its hope of survival." These words should be recited every morning and evening by white South Africans, for they are true. She sees no lasting hope for the country except through withdrawal by those who rule it.

It seems preposterous that the Russians, who were never much good as seamen, now have the second largest navy in the world. The story of the transformation of a land animal into an amphibian, which was begun by Peter the Great, is succinctly related by David Woodward in **The Russians at Sea** (Kimber 45s.) The pages race along as fast as a motor torpedo boat, and the survey is as full on the Black Sea as on the Baltic.

A fiction writer who invariably has his eye on the target is David Emerson. His latest, **Sweet Orchard** (Hutchinson 21s.) revolves round an appealing character called Harry Maynard, and tells of some sinister goings on at a house which gives its name to the title, to which a colonel from India retires with a great deal of money, a vile temper, an interesting past—and a daughter. The period is the early 1830's, when King Billy was on the

throne, and the scene is mainly in Bath and surroundings. Biro, who did the jacket, has a fine sense of scene, and hits off the atmosphere inside the book.

The Magic of a Line, by Laura Knight (Kimber 63s.), is the autobiography of an artist who specializes in action, partly because in her younger days she could not afford the luxury of drawing from a seated model. She is now in her 88th year, and well deserves both her D.B.E. and the special show she is getting at Burlington House. Some of the sketches included in the text are wonderful in their economy and power of evocation, and if good draughtsmanship is one of the signs of virtue in a painter, then Dame Laura can claim it in full measure.

Briefly . . . ocean racers will be glad that Eric Tabarly, winner of the single-handed Atlantic race of 1964, has told his own story in **Lonely Victory** (Souvenir Press 30s.) Also addressed to the same salty public is R. D. Burnell's **Races for the America's Cup** (Macdonald 45s.) . . . Three years ago Geoffrey Fletcher, in **The London Nobody Knows**, wrote of and drew little known scenes in much the same way as James Bone and his brother Muirhead once collaborated. Penguins have now sponsored a reprint (6s.) . . . Moving across the Channel **Time Off in the Loire Valley** (Hodder 2s. 6d.) is in the *Observer* Guide to Resorts and Hotels series, and covers such places as Nantes, Angers, Tours Orleans and Gien. The modest half-dollar is in this case very well worth paying down.

Anders Lassen V.C. by Suzanne Lassen (Muller 35s.) is the story of the adventures of a Dane in World War II who won an M.C. and two bars, and a posthumous V.C. He started in the merchant navy, and the biography, which is written by his mother partly as a tribute, partly to fill gaps in her own knowledge of what her son did, is as good a personal story of the time as one is likely to find.

The West Indies by Christopher Nicole (Hutchinson 35s.) is an informative work for people who either seek to get away from it all, or who are already ensconced in island surroundings where the sun does its stuff. . . . John Dedham's **The Young Man's Guide to the Law** (Hamish Hamilton, 18s.) is one of those strictly practical books which turn out to be as readable as anything designed merely to while away the time. By the time one finishes it, one knows all the snags of a legal life; and more than a little about the rewards.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / Heaven and hell

After only a few minutes in the Marlborough New London Gallery, which at present (and throughout August) houses exhibitions by Henry Moore and Francis Bacon, I had this article all figured out. It was to be about heaven and hell. Heaven was, of course, the Moore exhibition, which starts on the ground floor and continues down the staircase (an inverted Jacob's ladder?) and into the first half of the basement gallery. Hell (again, of course) was the Bacon show, which is confined to the rear part of the gallery and can be reached only by passing through the Moore-ish heaven (a reversal of the normal procedure calculated, perhaps, to give Bacon-lovers the sense of being fallen angels).

The Moore section includes several major recent bronzes whose seductive curves and highly polished surfaces make a complete contrast with the rugged shapes and surfaces of some of the earlier works on show. But each sort of his work seems to be loaded with a latent power, not the kind of power that is bursting to be released but the kind that lies locked up in a mountain, the kind of contained power that makes us speak of the serenity of Nature. Nature may have other, uglier sides but Moore plumps for this good, reassuring side and equates it with "the tremendous power for goodness that exists somewhere in human nature." He gives you the feeling that all's right with the world.

Bacon soon puts a stop to that. Before you have advanced two paces into his territory you are metaphorically battered about the face, stretched on the rack, broken on the wheel and disembowelled like those poor wretches in medieval engravings of Hell and Damnation. If you are squeamish you may turn and run—and suffer from Baconian nightmares ever after. If you are wise you will stay and look and look until you have convinced yourself that the mangled faces, flayed flesh and broken limbs are nothing of the sort, simply arrangements of paint made by a clever conjuror with a bizarre sense of humour (Bacon once told me that his pictures, far from being horrible, were happy pictures!).

Only by some such process of rationalization can a picture

like the huge *Crucifixion Triptych* in this exhibition be made tolerable. Only by resolutely setting out not to be taken in by this witch doctor with a magic brush is it possible to stomach much of what he does. This is why the critics tend now to avoid writing about the content of his pictures and write instead about the "textural richness of his paint" and "the demonic brilliance of his brushwork." Over the years they have become so familiar with Bacon's imagery, and so well aware of the sources from which he draws his inspiration, that an exhibition like the present one cannot shock them. It holds little or nothing that is new to the man who has seen, many times before, how the artist can take a photograph of a nude man or woman from the Victorian classic, *The Human Form in Motion* by Eadweard Muybridge, and paint from it something that is at once frightening, erotic and repulsive, or how he can make a carcass of beef look like a particularly gory crucifixion and transform two harmless buyers at a Newmarket bloodstock sale into bloodlusting spectators at that crucifixion, or how, again and again, he has made a monkey (usually a sinister one) out of Pope Innocent X.

That, at any rate, was the way I had begun to think when the time came for me to leave the exhibition, and I could see then that I would have to abandon the idea of making an analogy between it and hell. But now I am having third, mischievous thoughts and it occurs to me that if Bacon goes on producing more and more "Muybridges," Popes and carcasses his exhibitions may become Sartrian hells—places where everyone and everything, even horror, are so familiar they engender only eternal boredom.

Gallery diary

Fernand Léger: Gimpel Fils, to 14 August.

Canadian artists David Partridge and Toni Onley: Commonwealth Institute, to 15 August.

Stanislaw Frenkiel, Oliver Bevan: Grabowski Gallery, to 3 September.

Laura Knight: Royal Academy, to 12 September.

Summer Exhibition: (modern paintings) Redfern Gallery, to 30 September



FACE
UP TO
AUTUMN

Good Looks by Evelyn Forbes

Maquillage Fauve, or The Tawny Look, is Revlon's new make-up. It was created by Guy Nicolet for the Autumn Collection of Pierre Balmain. The complexion tone is warm, the eyes are slightly elongated, the mouth is Tawny Pink and faintly frosted

August is the month when we learn not only what clothes we shall be wearing this winter but all about the autumn face.

The eyes are still the focal point of the make-up and the eyebrows are still fine, clearly defined and slightly arched. The round eye has gone, together with the beige and brown shadows, and colours—green, blue and turquoise—are back on the eye make-up palette. A minimum of two colours is used on the eyelid—Germaine Monteil's Lid and Bone boxes two harmonizing shadows for this purpose—Charles of the Ritz uses three, or a maximum of four colours as in the Revlon make-up on this page.

The news about lips is first the feeling for brownish-pink lipstick to be found in every range. Good examples: Revlon's Tawny

Pink, Lenthéric Jamaica Rum, Dr. Payot's Eliza, Lancôme's Moderato I, Gala's Mutation, Yardley Party Line, Coty's Amber Mist, Max Factor's Natural Honey. Secondly, the brighter, clearer colours softened and lightened either by Goya's Lip Shimmer or Yardley Gloss Slicker, or Frosted Slicker. These lips were seen at the London Collections where Yardley did the make-up for Hardy Amies, Charles Creed, Mattli, La Chasse and Angèle Delange. Gloss Slicker and Frosted Slicker will be in the shops in September.

At Charles of the Ritz two lipsticks are used—Basic Beige and Basic Pink. Sometimes even a third is used, in particular Sunny Red.

There is a renewed interest in shimmer. In September Orlane is launching a new range of gently perlescent lipsticks, a range that will shade from the pale pink of Japanese cherry blossom through tea rose and coral to a warm luscious pink. With them go matching Shimmering Pearl nail enamels and—a throw-back to the '40s—a glowing ruby red, a startling success with young Paris.

Rouge is still very much in the picture,

though mainly in the brush-on variety, and at the end of this month Elizabeth Arden is introducing a new one made in six shades called Colour Veil.

In her new autumn make-up, Germaine Monteil is stressing the Sculptured Look or bone emphasis. This is based on the well known make-up principle that light emerges and dark recedes, using Secret Light under or over that make-up base to fill in hollows and Colour Secret to recede over-strong features and produce a beautiful sculptured face. For help on this one, visit the Germaine Monteil salon at Debenham & Freebody.

Beauty Flash:

Crème Absolue, Lancôme's newest preparation, is one of which this firm is justly proud. Based on the latest scientific discoveries on the skin cells it contains vital elements to the health and youth of the skin. It goes straight to the nucleus of the cell, revitalizing, rehydrating and rejuvenating it. Crème Absolue can be used as a night cream (it is assimilated rapidly and leaves the skin matt) or in the morning 15 minutes before make-up is applied. A 1½ oz. tube costs 2 gns., a 2¼ oz. jar 3 guineas.

DINING IN

Helen Burke / Untouched by human meddlers

Fish it seems is about the only protein food not interfered with by man. It is wild and comes to us from the clean sea. Which explains why I, for one, buy more and more fish and less and less man-handled protein supplies. It is not part of my job to be too critical about young chickens and over-young beef, both of which reach us too soon and suffer flavour-wise. When it reaches us, beef is often at the old veal stage.

More people have more money, the population of the world is increasing at an alarming rate and, in addition, the cost of producing fully-grown animals is so high that a speed-up in feeding to fatten cattle is inevitable, however much we may deplore the practice. True, mature birds and beef are still obtainable but at prices which rise formidably.

With fish the story is quite different. So far man has nothing to do with the rearing and feeding of fish—but wait; certain fish may have to be reared. As intensified fishing in the same waters goes on and on, the catches include smaller and smaller fish. But, whatever the size, I still look on fish as the best protein buy we have.

HERRINGS are good just now—one can fry them in salt in a dry pan or, better still, grill them. I am constantly urging people to grill fish because, by doing so, none of the good flavour is lost. I also urge the grilling of fish cutlets or steaks on one side only. If we make the mistake of trying to brown them on both sides, we end up with them being dried-out. Unless the cutlets or steaks are at least 1½ inches thick, it is almost impossible to turn them without breaking them. Thick steaks can be turned more easily without being damaged—but never when grilled on the grid, even when it is well oiled. The grid is a hurdle which even thick steaks cannot take. Use the grill pan, not the grid.

Whole fish like herrings are different. Scrape them well. Make a cut in the back of the head and, when you pull off the head, the insides will come away with it. Wash the fish well. Make three shallow cuts in the skin on each side and sprinkle a little salt into each and, if you like, a little flour because it gives a nice finish. Place them in the grill pan and grill them

for two minutes on each side, unless they are very large. In this case, give them a little longer. When the slits open work a little made mustard into them. Turn and give the other sides the same treatment.

Place the grilled fish on a heated serving dish and trickle a little melted butter and lemon juice over them. Finish with a sprinkling of chopped parsley.

ROLL MOPS go very well with salad for lunch and here is a recipe I have used over the years: Scrape, clean and bone six herrings. Wash them and let cold water trickle over them for half an hour or more. Drain and dry them. Place them skin side down and sprinkle with salt and freshly milled pepper. Place a thin slice of Spanish onion on each and add about ½ teaspoon of mixed spice composed of a teaspoon each of mustard seed and slightly crushed allspice and a pinch each of powdered ginger and freshly milled pepper. Starting from the head, roll up each herring (not too tightly) and secure with a cocktail stick.

Place a piece of bay leaf in a really wide-necked jar. Add the roll mops and another piece of bay leaf—not too much as it tends to over-flavour. Cover with white wine vinegar or plain white vinegar and water, in the proportions of three parts vinegar to one part water. Cover and leave for 2 to 3 days when the vinegar will have cooked the fish.

Inexpensive fish does not mean inferior fish. But people do go for Dover soles and so on and because of this preference, and the demand, the prices go up. This week I had to pay 8s. a pound for Dover soles. Lemon sole and witch are less expensive and have a more sea-like flavour.

SEA BREAM has a delicious flavour. For some reason or other, all the old cookery books tell us not to remove the scales from sea bream. I cannot understand this. Perhaps it is because the scales help to hold the fish together. But there is no added flavour and it is a nuisance to serve the fish with the scales mixed in it.

If to be grilled, the fishmonger will scrape and fillet the bream for you. But for *baked bream* I like to have it skinned as well. One good-sized bream will serve four people: Melt ½ oz. of butter

in a heat-proof dish just large enough for the fish. Add a chopped shallot, a dessertspoon of chopped parsley, 2 good-sized chopped, skinned and deseeded tomatoes, an ounce or so of chopped mushrooms and the juice from a small clove of garlic. Add ½ pint of dry white wine and a little salt and freshly milled pepper. Place in the oven to heat through. Place the bream fillets on this foundation and baste them with a little of it. Sprinkle a pinch of grated lemon rind on top. Cover with buttered paper and bake for 20 minutes at 350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 4. Remove the paper. Baste the fish with the moisture in the dish. Trickle ½ pint of thick cream over the fish. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons of not-too-fine breadcrumbs and 2 level tablespoons of grated Parmesan. Place a slice of tomato on each fillet to mark it and add a little of the cheese to each. Trickle a little melted butter over all and brown under the grill. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and, if you have them, a small spoon of finely chopped chives.

Always searching for first and last courses which can be made the day before they are required, I have just made a KIPPER PÂTÉ for a fraction of the cost of a smoked cod's roe one—and much more quickly. The ingredients are a packet of frozen filleted kippers, 2 oz. of butter, 2 oz. of crustless bread, 2 tablespoons of olive oil, freshly milled pepper to taste and a teaspoon of lemon juice. The kipper fillets come in a polythene bag. Drop it into boiling water and cook as directed on the packet. Meanwhile, soften the butter and barely cover the bread with cold water. Scrape the skin from the fillets, then break up the flesh with a fork. Add the butter and beat together. After squeezing out the water, add the bread and beat it into the mixture.

Next add the olive oil, pepper and lemon juice and mix all thoroughly together. If you like garlic, crush a clove of it and let it rest for a little time in the pâté before removing it. Turn the pâté into a suitable terrine with a lid. Cover and place it in the refrigerator but remove it in plenty of time before using it as the refrigerator tends to make it too firm.

Editor's note: Helen Burke's latest book, *Good Fish From the Sea*, is just published by Deutsch at 21s.



Happiness is sharing!

When you're enthusiastic about Tampax, why keep the good news to yourself?

Tell your friends how wonderful it is!

Tell them how Tampax internal sanitary protection helps you feel fresh and clean, poised, sure, secure, happy, calm, collected. Tell them how easy and hygienic Tampax is to use with its silken-smooth applicator. Well, you carry on from there.

Just be sure you tell everyone it's wonderful!

TAMPAX Limited, Havant, Hants.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOUR

Dudley Noble / A new circle of friends

MOTORING

THE ROVER 2000



PHOTOGRAPH: MORRIS NEWCOMBE

Full of bright ideas, yet not to be classed as revolutionary, the Rover 2000 is among the most coveted cars on the market today. It is a fine example of modernity in the technical sense, a complete breakaway from the conservative which has hitherto been the hallmark of this old established firm. Not that they have dropped the models which have so long delighted their fastidious and largely professional clientele—not all of them, that is—but in this new 2000 they are appealing to a fresh circle of what may perhaps be called sporty-minded motorists.

This does not, however, mean that it is a sports car. In fact one might well say that comfort is its keynote. At the same time, it will easily top 100 m.p.h. and will cruise on the motorways at very near that figure.

Coupled with such performance is the ability to cover a most creditable distance on a gallon of petrol, and if one uses a reasonably light foot on the accelerator 30 m.p.g. is regularly obtainable. Even if one keeps going at 90 m.p.h. the consumption does not rise to

more than about 22 m.p.g. With a 12 gallon tank mounted behind the rear seat, a range of 300 miles should be possible.

One secret of the Rover 2000's effortless stride is the high gearing of its back axle, so that on top gear there is a feeling of overdrive. There are four forward ratios, all with synchromesh, and the lever controlling them is perfectly placed for the driver's hand between the front seats, and barely eight inches long. When driving in traffic, third gear is exactly suitable and so silent that often I found myself thinking I must be in top.

The engine is a four cylinder of just under two litres capacity (1,980 c.c.) and in its design Rovers have abandoned the practice they so long followed of having one of the valves over the other; they are now both in the cylinder head and operated by a camshaft in the head. This does make for high efficiency, and 91 b.h.p. is obtained from the 2000's engine, added to which it will rotate at an extremely fast rate—up to 6000 r.p.m., at which it should be propelling the car at 117 m.p.h. For the lower gears the maxi-

mum "safe" speeds are marked on the speedometer dial; 85 m.p.h. in third, 55 in second and 30 in bottom. One uses these intermediate ratios for accelerating, since on top the engine naturally feels the effect of its high gearing. (It should be mentioned that neither an overdrive nor automatic transmission is available on this model.)

The car's suspension suits its performance admirably, and at the rear the Rover engineers have adopted a system which was first conceived in Count de Dion's day at the turn of the century, and to which he gave his name. While this does allow a certain amount of independent movement to the individual wheels, it is strictly limited by a stout connecting tube to keep them in an upright plane and avoid what is called "scrubbing" of the tyres on the road.

There is no back axle in the accepted meaning, the differential casing being held firmly to a frame that forms the foundation of the car, and driving the wheels by short shafts. This frame is a most important part of the Rover 2000, for on it the body panels are bolted after the

rest of the car has been built up, and even road-tested. The same practice has been in use on the large Citroens for several years, and has the merit that damage to highly finished panels in assembly is avoided, and also that in the event of an accident any panel can be removed and replaced at (usually) lower cost than beating out dents and respraying.

Here a few words may be apposite concerning the modern painting method in use at Rover's Solihull (Birmingham) factory. "Electrostatic deposition" is its technical name, and to watch it in operation is uncanny, since the paint is so finely sprayed that it is invisible, and the parts being treated acquire their colour quite mysteriously.

Inside the body the finish is as luxurious as that of any Rover ever made, which is saying a very great deal, as owners of old models will agree—tasteful in every way and beautifully finished. The wonder to me is that such a masterpiece of design and construction can be listed at no more than £1298 inclusive of purchase tax.

Classified advertisements

Rates: 1/- a word (minimum charge 15/-). Box number 1/6. Semi-display, £4 per column inch. Series discount: 5% for 6, 12½% for 13 insertions. Special terms for T/C on request. Please write advertisement in block letters and send with remittance to Tatler (Classified Advertisements), Elm House, 10-16 Elm Street, London, W.C.1 (TERminus 1234). Cheques & payable to Illustrated Newspapers Ltd.

PERSONAL

GENEALOGY. FAMILY HISTORIES heraldic research and art-work. **ACHIEVEMENTS LTD.,** Northgate, Canterbury, Kent. Tel. 62618.

INCIBALD SCHOOL OF DESIGN. Ten-week concentrated lecture courses in Interior Design (classical and modern), architecture, furniture, antiques. Also practical design classes. Next course begins 27th September. Applications to Principal, 10 Milner Street, S.W.3. KNightsbridge 0568.

REGISTERED PRIVATE NURSES available for duties in England, Channel Islands or abroad. They are also available for escorting invalids, patients and convalescents on worldwide journeys. Dept. TT13, Southdown Nursing Association, 93/97 Regent Street, London, W.1. Telephone No. REGent 5533 for London area and abroad, Chichester 3420/3488 for England, Wales, Isle of Wight and Channel Islands.

NATION-WIDE BUREAU arranges introductions view friendship, marriage. Age 21 upwards. For free details in plain sealed envelope write: Mayfair Service (Dept. 21), 60 Neal Street, London, W.C.2.

HEATHER JENNER MARRIAGE BUREAU. 124 New Bond Street, W.1. MAYfair 9634. Advice Bureau Incorporated. Open Thursday until 8 p.m., lunch hour and Saturday morning.

ENJOY WRITING? Then write for Profit. Send for "Writer's Handbook" (free) detailing countless opportunities for beginner or experienced. Writer's Ring (T), Clun, Craven Arms, Shropshire.

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £50 to £10,000. No security. **REGIONAL TRUST LTD.,** 8 Clifford Street, New Bond Street, W.1. Telephones REG 5983 and REG 2914.

LEARN FLOWER ARRANGING the Constance Spry way through specially prepared home-study Courses. Full details from Institute of Domestic Arts, Dept. 620, Parkgate Road, London, S.W.11.

JAPANESE AND CHINESE ART required by a specialist dealer. Single pieces or collections purchased. Douglas J. K. Wright, 17 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. HYD 6496.

LEARN BRIDGE in a happy atmosphere. Personal tuition in home or in class. Mrs. G. BALMER. FRE 8836.

ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPES. Illustrated Brochure from actual maker. Charles Frank, Saltmarket, Glasgow.

FOR EDUCATION HERE/ABROAD consult David Talbot Rice, 19 Ovington Gardens, London, S.W.3. KNI 1619.

SAVILE ROW CLOTHES. Cancelled export orders direct from eminent tailors Benson & Clegg, P. G. Anderson, Huntsman, etc. Suits, overcoats from 10 gns. Ladies' Hunting and Riding Coats, Breeches, etc. **REGENT DRESS CO.** (2nd Floor lift), 14 Dover Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1. HYDe Park 7180.

SMART WOMEN SAVE 7/- IN THE £ on stocking bills! Best brands, perfects. Free shade card, etc., from Nylons Unlimited, Dept. T., Bath.

ULTRA SMOOTH, at Harrods. Delightful cosmetic shaving cream, leaves skin soft and silky—the feminine way to use a razor. 2 oz. tube 12/6, 4 oz. tube 19/6. Harrods Ltd., Perfumery Dept., Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

SLEEP—GLORIOUS SLEEP with KIFA Swedish Ear Plugs. 3 pairs 5/6. SVEDMED, 31 Monument Hill, Weybridge.

WE ARE ANXIOUS TO PURCHASE second-hand jewellery and silver record high prices paid. **LEONARD LASKY,** 28 Park Lane, W.1 (next to Hilton Hotel).

SHORT OF MONEY? Why not use our second mortgage facilities? No legal or survey fees. Consult Hetherington, Shave & Strudwick Limited, 51 Minorities, London, E.C.3. ROYal 5353.

REPLIES TO BOX NUMBERS

should be addressed to

Box No.
TATLER
Elm House
10-16 Elm Street
LONDON, W.C.1.

PERSONAL

CAN WE HELP YOU WITH YOUR CLASSIFIED PROBLEMS?

Our experts will be happy to advise you how to get the best results from your advertisement in the Classified columns.

JUST PHONE TERminus 6422 EXT. 18
ASK FOR JUDY PEARSON

HELANCA STRETCH SKI-STYLE PANTS. Finest Austrian drip-dry material made to measure 22-32 inch waist only. £3/5/0. Medium height, £4 for the taller woman, plus 2/6 packing and postage. Please state height, waist, and hips when ordering. Colours French Navy, Black and Brown. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. **MARGARET RUSSELL,** 11 Chatsworth Parade, Petts Wood, Kent. Tel. Orpington 29978.

UNUSUAL MODERN JEWELLERY, PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE. Ewan Phillips Gallery, 22a Maddox Street, London, W.1. MAY 4204.

YOUNG LADIES sharing flats can also share a refrigerator from REFRIGERATOR RENTALS. TER 9794.

GREAT NEWS FOR BOATING ENTHUSIASTS! Here is the publication you have been waiting for—"Yachting & Boating"—Britain's first Weekly for boating enthusiasts... with news while it is still news... features too! Out every Thursday only 1/- from your usual newsagent or, by yearly subscription, 74/- including postage from Circulation Manager, Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., Elm House, Elm Street, London, W.C.1.

OMEGA and other elegant Swiss Watches. J. D. NEAL, The Jewellers, The Broadway, HAYWARDS HEATH.

POEMS WANTED. Send sample(s), without obligation, enclosing S.A.E., to: Dept. T.T., ARCADIAN AGENCY, 21 Kingly Street, London, W.1.

THE YORKSHIRE MARRIAGE BUREAU, 4 Pavilion Terrace, Scarborough, Est. 1955. Clients all over the British Isles.

MIGRAINE? Lasting relief has been found. Write ex-sufferer (M.A. Cantab.). Box No. 651.

BEAUTIFUL NEW CURTAINS, Velvets, Brocades, Wild Silks, etc. All sizes. Half usual price. Unclaimed. The Linen House, 241 Baker Street, N.W.1. (Opp. Stn.) WELbeck 3311.

LONDON CLUB has vacancies for town and country members. Moderate subscription. Swimming pool, squash courts, cocktail lounges, restaurant—wine, food and service of the highest standard. Accommodation with private bath. Apply **SECRETARY, WHITE HOUSE CLUB,** Regent's Park, N.W.1. Tel. EUSon 1200. Extension 74.

NAIL-BITING. End this beauty evil and anti-social habit. Recommended by Beauty Editors. Explanatory Booklet 6d. **FILTEX LTD. (ER).** Fleming, Sandwich, Kent.

SMALL WOMEN'S SHOES stocked. From size 1. Popular prices. A. WEINTROP, 71 Berwick Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Also special size nylons 7½ and 8 at 4/11, 15 denier.

LOST! One earring!
FOUND! Jewellery craftsmen who will reproduce that odd earring or dress clip exactly to pattern. Jewellery repairs of all types. Call, or send by registered post, for free estimate. Hillwoods, Jewellers Ltd., 148 Station Road, Edgware, Middlesex. EDG 5067.

SHARE-A-FLAT Ltd., 175 Piccadilly, W.1. HYD 2545. The right flat or the right person.

DEANS VENETIAN BLINDS add a distinctive touch to your home. Deans of Putney, VANDYKE 3142.

OIL PAINTINGS wanted of all periods. Single pictures or collections. **COULTER GALLERIES,** 92 Tadcaster Road, York. Phone 66537.

NITA MILLER

FOR ANTIQUE LAMPS

63a Grosvenor Street, W.1. MAYfair 0951

LAMP SHADES CLEANED
OR RECOVERED IN A DAY
ONLY BY NITA MILLER

PERSONAL

DANCING CAN BE YOUR PASSPORT TO A FABULOUS HOLIDAY. Summer holidays are only half the fun if you can't dance. Make sure you make the most of the gay night life by learning to dance now. At the Regency School of Dancing you can get all the tuition and confidence you need to dance anywhere into a special ten hour course. Planned to meet the need of absolute beginners this course plus two studio parties costs only 7½ gns. Get all the details today from Shelagh Wilson. KNightsbridge 6716. The Regency School of Dancing (adjoining De Vere Hotel), 58 Hyde Park Gate, London, W.8.

COIN AND MEDAL SPECIALISTS. Collections and rare pieces wanted. Catalogue of English Coins 14/9d. including postage. Bulletin 1/6. B. A. SEABY LTD., 65 Great Portland Street, London, W.1. Telephone LAngham 3677.

BALDING MAN? A natural head of hair can be yours NOW. Much more than a wig my new process gives you hair that will wear 24 hours a day no matter your activity. I employ no salesmen. FREE consultation in London. Write for details Dept. T. **ADRIAN BROOK,** 146a Brompton Road, S.W.3. KNI 6881.

ROYAL WORCESTER CHINA from J. D. NEAL, The Jewellers, The Broadway, HAYWARDS HEATH.

JOIN YOUR FRIENDS as a temporary secretary through **STELLA FISHER BUREAU** in the STRAND.

THINNING HAIR is easily hidden by modern hair work. Private consultations without obligation. Details under plain cover. Wig Artists Ltd., 31 George Street, W.1. REGent 0136.

GRAPHOLOGY is the greatest and most helpful of all the Sciences. Interpretation of Handwriting Fee 3/6d. Box No. 755.

FOR ALL UPHOLSTERY REPAIRS and renovations, soft furnishing etc., ring BAY 3094.

THE MODEL ADVISORY BUREAU will advise you as to your prospects in modelling and will give an unbiased opinion as to the right school or academy to suit your particular requirements. For appointment ring WEL 0441 or write 30 Baker Street, W.1.

SELLING JEWELLERY OR SILVER? HAYES, the famous Hatton Garden Jewellers, offer you the following **RECORD** prices: £100-£5,000 for fine Diamond, Emerald, Ruby or Sapphire Rings, Brooches, Bracelets, Necklaces, Ear-rings or Watches. £10-£100 for smaller rings, gold cigarette cases, pocket watches, chains, bracelets, etc. £10-£500 for Silver Tea-Sets, Trays, Cutlery, Candlesticks, Cake-Stands, Sports-Cups, etc. £70 for Gold Five-Pound Pieces (unmounted) and £25 for Two-Pound Pieces. Valuations by Qualified Expert (Fellow Gemmological Association). If you cannot call personally, send your parcel by registered post. It will be quite safe and you will receive an immediate cash offer with no obligation to sell. **M. HAYES & SONS LTD.,** Diamond House, 37 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1. HOLborn 8177.

WASPS, OF REGENT STREET, tackle all sorts of problems. Give them a buzz about: odd type jobs; luxury flats; antiques; or just about everything. (Last week, we found someone a Tibetan Monk.) Ring REGent 5351, or write 8 Radnor House, 93/97 Regent Street.

CONNOISSEURS AND COLLECTORS

RESTORATION AND CONSERVATION OF THE ANTIQUE, bronzes, ceramics, enamels, ivories, tortoiseshell, mother of pearl, objets d'art, etc. G. GARBE, 23 Charlotte Street, London, W.1. MUSEum 1288. Founded 1770.

ANTIQUARIAN SILVER. Catalogue free. A. M. POOLE, South Thoresby, Alford, Lincs.

PHILATELY

STAMP DISPOSAL is our business. Do you know your business? We do! For the most appreciated results contact Plymouth Philatelic Auctions Ltd., 34 New Bond Street, Plymouth.

EDUCATIONAL

DAUGHTER LEAVING SCHOOL? WHAT NEXT?

Finishing School? Domestic Science? Secretarial? Family abroad?

Consult:

THE GABBITAS-THRING EDUCATIONAL TRUST

6-8 Sackville St., London, W.1. REG 0161 who will advise without charge.

The Language Tuition Centre's SECRETARIAL COLLEGE

(Recognised by the Ministry of Education) offers Diploma Courses (a) in combined secretarial and foreign language training (b) for the training of Bilingual Secretaries and Interpreter-Translators. Full information from the Principal, 26-32 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1. Tel.: LAngham 1005 & 8005

ST. GODRIC'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE

RESIDENT AND DAY STUDENTS
2 Arkwright Road, London, N.W.3.
Tel.: HAMpstead 9831.

Principal: J. W. Loveridge M.A. (Cantab.). Variety of courses for a secretarial career available to English and foreign girls. New term begins 14th September, 1965.

OXFORD AND COUNTY SECRETARIAL COLLEGE

34 St. Giles, Oxford.
Tel. 55966.

Comprehensive secretarial training including English and French shorthand, typewriting, book-keeping and languages. Prospectus on application.

INTENSIVE GREGG SECRETARIAL COURSES. Evening class Wednesday. English for foreigners. Frances King Secretarial School, 1A Harrington Road, S.W.7. KEN 4771.

RESIDENTIAL SECRETARIAL AND LANGUAGE COURSES. G.C.E. examinations all levels, sports facilities, delightful country near London. Apply: The Principal, Paddock Wood Finishing School, Lightwater, Surrey. Telephone: Bagshot 3252.

INTERIOR DESIGN—Decoration Correspondence Course. Rhodoc School. (See Interior Decorating Column.)

SCHLOSS GRUNDLSEE

Finishing School for girls near Salzburg, Austria. Beautiful lakeside location: winter sports, sailing, etc. International student body, details from: Schloss Grundlsee (English Office), TAT, Queens Road, East Grinstead, Sussex.

Speedwriting

THE a,b,c, SHORTHAND Trade Mark

Shorthand training to Diploma level takes only 6 to 8 weeks at a School of Speedwriting. Also 5-month Secretarial Courses for Personal Tutorial Home Study Courses available. Schools in London (Oxford Street, Kingston, Ilford & Watford) and Bristol. For information write or phone the Registrar.

LONDON SCHOOL OF SPEEDWRITING
Room 97, Avon House, 356-366 Oxford Street, London, W.1. HYD 3401

SALMON FISHING

SALMON FISHING. Blackwater, south bank 2 mile stretch. Furnished chalet. Woodland Cabin to rent. Smith-Bosanquet Stanchills, Hengrave, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

SITUATIONS WANTED

AVAILABLE IMMEDIATELY. Excellent selection Domestic Staff: Cook-generals, Cook-housekeepers, Mother's Helps, Married Couples, Gardeners, etc.; also Children's Nannies and Governesses for positions throughout England. Under distinguished patronage. Immediate attention assured. **SLOUGH EMPLOYMENT AGENCY,** 30/32 William Street, Slough. Tel. 24141 (4 lines). Established 1946. (Hotel staff also supplied throughout England).

REMOVALS

ARMY & NAVY STORES, Westminster, S.W.1, for reliable removals (home and overseas), warehouse, furniture depositors; excellent storage. Estimates free. CHIswick 8446. (VICTORIA 1234).

HOTELS AND ACCOMMODATION

YOU WILL BE COMFORTABLE at Crag Head, East Cliff, Bournemouth, at any time. (Write for Photo-Colour Brochure.)

BOURNEMOUTH, ADELPHI HOTEL. R.A.C. 3-star A.A. 60 bedrooms all with private bathrooms and toilets. Excellent cuisine, finest fresh produce. Fully licensed, two Bars. Comfortable lounges. Apply Tariff M or phone Bournemouth 26546.

KINGSWOOD COURT, 73 Harrington Gardens, S.W.7. FRE 4886. Rooms and suites; own bath and phone available, lift. Suitable families on leave, etc.

LAZY LUXURY! Excellent Eating! Splendid Service. Guaranteed at the **GEORGE HOTEL,** Yarmouth, I.O.W. Tel. 331. Overlooking the Solent.

MARINE HOTEL, ELIE. Fife's most luxurious hotel—excellent for golfing locally or at St. Andrews, Carnoustie and Glencaeles. Pleasant beach 2 minutes away, sea fishing, tennis, bowls, riding, etc. Tel. Elie 555.

GLOUCESTER HOTEL WYEMOUTH

Famous since George III's reign for comfort, cuisine and "cellar." Sunnily positioned overlooking Weymouth Bay and always in season. A.A. 3-star. Tel. 404.

BISHOPS BOURNE HOTEL
A.A. Licensed R.A.C.
Kingsgate, Broadstairs.
Kent.

Under new management. Situated 3 minutes walk from Botany Bay and 4 minutes drive from North Foreland Golf Club. Tennis. Putting. Croquet. Table Tennis. Good food (salads a speciality). Terms from 14 gns. Write for brochure or phone Thanet 61938.



FRENESHAM POND HOTEL

CHURCH FARNHAM SURREY

The new Hotel has luxury accommodation, a superb restaurant, bars to suit visitors' every mood, and unrivalled facilities for conferences and receptions. It is within easy driving distance of London (just off the A287 Farnham-Hindhead road), and is ideally situated for a meal in relaxed surroundings, or a stay in the heart of the Hampshire countryside. Brochure on request from the Manager. Reservations and information FRENESHAM 3175.

HOTELS ABROAD

CASTELLDEFELS-BARCELONA. HOTEL BEL AIR 1st class, facing sea, sandy beach; air-conditioned, all rooms with bath.

HOLIDAYS AND TRAVEL

THAMES HOLIDAYS. New luxury 27-foot 4/5 berth, glass fibre cruisers for hire. Fitted to highest standard. Details and terms—Chalet Marine Limited, Coney-Berry, Goring-on-Thames, Oxon.

WINTER HOLIDAYS IN THE SUN From October onwards. Ex Civil Servant returned from the MIDDLE EAST will personally conduct small parties to Beirut with places of interest. Motor to DAMASCUS in Limousines, visiting JORDAN, JERUSALEM, BETHLEHEM, and MOUNT CARMEL etc. ALL ENGLISH spoken. First class accommodation with excellent ENGLISH FOOD. Enjoy the warmth of a Catholic people and country. Money returned if not satisfied.

W. WHEELER, R.M.P.A.
213 Hornby Road, Blackpool. TEL: 23621.

A LOVELY COUNTRY HOLIDAY for your children (3-10 yrs.)

BROOKFIELD HOUSE

Blagdon Hill, Taunton, Somerset.
Blagdon Hill 466.

Fully equipped for indoor and outdoor amusements, including visits to the sea. Excellent food—Home grown produce. Individual care of health by Miss Clarkson Webb (Qualified at Great Ormond St. Hospital)

Visits of inspection welcomed or write for prospectus.

BINOCULARS

BINOCULARS on 14 days free trial. Our 10 x 50 prismatics with pigskin case are unbelievable value at £15/10/- Charles Frank Ltd., Saltmarket, Glasgow. Phone Bell 2000.

FOR THE EPICURE

SALARAD MAYONNAISE. Fresh lemon juice added. For salads, sauces and sandwiches

SMOKED SALMON! Your brown bread must be BERMALINE—Britain's Best Brown Bread. Keep asking your baker for it. Bermaline Ltd., Lansdowne Crescent, Glasgow.

WINES at Wholesale prices by joining M.O.S. Wine Club, 33/35 Old Nichol Street, London, E.2.

12½ to 20% DISCOUNT off imported Whiffs, Pantellas, small cigars. Please send for details to: R. & J. Cigars, 6 Shoplatch, Shrewsbury, Shropshire.

You'll love a Lincolnshire duckling!

Must gourmets learn to accept the indoor-reared birds as if there were no alternative?

We at Cherry Valley think otherwise. Here in Lincolnshire our ducklings enjoy the free way of life. Reared on the broad Lincolnshire Wolds with a natural diet, they come to you plump and full of flavour—reared as Nature intended. One of our latest Cherry Valley ducklings will be a revelation. It has a higher average weight, more meat, smaller bones and less fat. Look for the Cherry Valley label at all good butchers, poulterers, stores and supermarkets. Write for free cooking booklet to:



CHERRY VALLEY
Rothwell, Lincs

ENTERTAINMENT

BILL SAVILL will be pleased to arrange an Orchestra of any size for your Private or Anniversary Dance, etc. 7 Windmill Hill, Ruislip, Middlesex. Ruislip 6812.

BOBBY MARTIN'S ORCHESTRA for your Hunt Ball, Private Dance, etc. 125 Clarence Gate Gardens, Baker Street, N.W.1. AMB 4639.

BRITAIN'S FINEST CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINER. Wonderful magic. Punch and Judy. Roy Baker, 45 Salisbury Avenue, Rainham, Kent. Phone Rainham 81039.

TOMMY KINSMAN Bands ensure successful parties—Hear new Fontana dance party records. 8 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. KNI 5453.

A PHIL TATE BAND will ensure a successful function. 36 Wood Lane, Ruislip, Middlesex. RUI 6968.

PIET TOVENAAR, London's outstanding children's entertainer. Con-juring, ventriloquism, Punch & Judy, puppets. Any distance. 8 The Lanterns, Moss Hall Grove, N.12. HILLside 0606.

LIPSCOMB ENTERTAINMENTS, for bands, groups, cabaret, M.C.'s toast-masters, photographers. Every function catered for. Phone Rickmansworth 74200.

THE BANSHIEES. A versatile rhythm and pops group available for audition before engagement. REL 9894.

PRIVATE PARTY CATERING

WEDDING, DANCES and other receptions (in town or country) become a memorable success with Harrods expert catering. Details from Harrods Hire & Catering Service, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, or SLOane 1234, extension 865.

OXFORDSHIRE AREA: We specialise in original and interesting outside catering for your wedding, cocktail party or dance. We are Egon Ronay and Good Food Guide recommended. The Old Swan Hotel, Minster Lovell, Oxon. Tel: Asthall Leigh 614.

LET COOK & BUTLER—MAY WE HELP YOU? the outstanding Caterers in London make your party a complete success with new ideas, superlative food and service with the personal touch. (Recognised suppliers to the Corps Diplomatique). 75/77 Church Road, Teddington, Middlesex. TEDdington Lock 3932/2080.

EXHIBITIONS

BRIGHTON. ROYAL PAVILION. Regency Exhibition. State and Private. Apartments. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Banqueting display. New restorations and furnishings. Daily 10-8 including Sundays.

RESTAURANTS

THE WITHIES, COMPTON (4 miles from Yvonne Arnaud Theatre at Guildford). Imaginative Cold Table (only) until end of August. Open every day. Lunch 1 o'clock, Dinner 7.30 or 9. Nice garden. Reservation essential. Godalming 1158.

LOTUS HOUSE, 61-63 Edgware Road, W.2 (AMB 4109/4341). London's latest Chinese Restaurant. Open noon to 2 a.m. inc. Sundays. Fully licensed. Music and Dancing.

LE PROVENCAL, RESTAURANT FRANCAIS, cuisine Francaise et Vins exquisites. 259 Fulham Road, Chelsea. FLA 9434.

SWIMMING POOLS

RESIDENTIAL SWIMMING POOLS designed, constructed. A. Jenner Construction Ltd., 31 Odstock Road, Swindon, Wilts. Telephone Stratton St. Margaret 3058.

RUTHERFORD FOR SWIMMING POOLS. Solar Heaters, Sauna Baths and Filtration Equipment. Rutherford, Battle, Sussex.

GARDENING

HARDY GERANIUMS (Herbaceous Perennials). Thrive outdoors all year round. Never need renewal. Rose, salmon, lilac, blush. 39/- dozen. J. MAC-GREGOR, Rare Plant Specialist, LARK-HALL, Lanarkshire.

INTERIOR DECORATING

STRIPPED PINE FURNITURE. Unusual pieces at reasonable prices. Also hand-made pottery, turned wood, Suffolk rush and other English crafts. Two showrooms at BETTY HOPE'S SHOP, 19 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. KENSington 8434.

FREE brochure on Interior Design and Decoration. **CORRESPONDENCE COURSE** will be sent to interested applicants. Write Dept. TA, Rhodoc School, BCM/Rhodoc, London, W.C.1.

PINING FOR A DREAM HOME Our Consultant will help you to choose your plan for good living. We do not charge for trend-setting Scandinavian design (including alterations), only actual fittings incorporated.

MAINCLAN LTD.
107 Malden Road, New Malden, Surrey. MALden 3541.

KITCHEN PLANNERS

297 Hale Lane, Edgware
STOnegrove 5648

and

509 Finchley Road,
Hampstead
HAMpstead 2207

Designed, Supplied and Fitted
Kitchens

Custom-built Bedrooms

All leading makes of units supplied

INTERIOR DESIGN SERVICE



Allan H. Levene

BUCKhurst 1829

colour schemes
luxury kitchens
bars and bar rooms
built in furniture
planning
hi-fi
traditional: modern

consultant designer

VALentine 9385

FURS

OCELOT, LEOPARD AND MINK. A fabulous selection of these and other precious furs in many lovely styles; also made to order at reasonable prices. Personal attention of master furrier HENRY NOBLE. Part exchange, terms. All day Saturday. REGent 6394.

NOBLE FURS, 183 Regent Street, W.1.

WANTED. Mink, Leopard, Ocelot and better quality garments, skins, rugs. Kindly phone or write first. George H. Herman (Furs) Ltd., Kingly Court, 19 Kingly Street, London, W.1. Phone REGent 3804/5.

ARE YOU SELLING OR BUYING a fur coat? We make fair cash offers and we sell near-new furs. Inquiries invited. D. Curwen, Dept. T., 7a Melcombe Street, Baker Street, N.W.1.

FASHION

HAND CROCHETED AND HAND KNITTED dresses and suits, etc. Exclusive designs made to measure by JEANNE-MARIE, phone PRI 8145 or write, 11 KENDALL PLACE, BLANDFORD STREET, W.1. We call on out of town customers, with our collection.

TALL GIRLS, Sackville Street, Piccadilly. Shoes from 9½ (American). Fashion and leisure wear to fit 5ft. 9 in. to 6ft. 3 in. Stretch Linen-type slacks in 3 leg lengths.

TAILORING

NEW SUITS FOR OLD. Have your favourite suit or jacket copied in a fine Worsted, Scotch, Manx or Cumberland quality tweed. Our unique copying service ensures satisfaction. Price: Suits from £14/5/- to £29/10/-. Write for patterns and particulars. REDMAYNE, 19 Wigton, Cumberland.

DRESSMAKING

BOND STREET COUTURIERE, Paris Academy Diploma. Materials made to measure, garments altered and remodelled. Sarah Pocha, 16 Arterberry Road, Wimbledon, S.W.20. Tel. WIM 2673.

CHINESE COUTURE—ORIENTAL FASHIONS. Miss K. Sung, 35 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. KNightsbridge 6953. Exclusive dresses, made to measure, ready to wear. Clients' own materials made up. We also have a large selection of beaded slippers.

MARIA ANDREWS—Couture dress-maker and designer. All styles, expertly made with clients' own or supplied materials. From 8 gns. 15 Smitham-downs Road, Purley, Surrey. UPL 1311.

LADIES. AMIHARA will design, create, make-up any material suited to individual taste for any climate or season. PAD 5477.

DRESS AGENCIES

WE BUY GOOD MODERN LADIES WEAR: Coats, dresses, suits, hats, cocktail wear; large sizes particularly required. Also Furs and sheepskin coats. Cash paid, post refunded. R. DAVIS (Dept. T), 40a North Street, Brighton, Sussex.

PHYLLIS KAY, 35A Thayer St., W.1. Buys and sells gowns, suits, etc., from well-known model houses and haute couture. Hunter 2638.

VOGUE, BRITAIN'S LARGEST BUYERS will accept summer wear until 15th July; winter wear after 14th September. Post parcels for offer—59 Kensington Church Street, W.8. WES 3291.

HAND LAUNDRIES

SAME DAY LAUNDRY SERVICE by London's finest Hand Laundry. Ladies' and gentlemen's fineries collected, beautifully hand-laundried, delivered to you the same day, of course without laundry marks. Also One-day, Two-day and Postal Service. For this superb luxury service telephone EXPRESS HAND LAUNDRY LTD., at 168 Earls Court Road, S.W.5. FR0bisher 2345.

YOUR PERSONAL WORK and household linen beautifully handlaundried by The White Elephant Laundry of Old Town, S.W.4. Call MACaulay 1202 for details.



MARIE

BLANCHE

Hand Launderers and Dry Cleaners to guests at the best West End Hotels, Stars of Stage and Screen, Dress Houses and the Diplomatic Corps.

They need the best. So do you. Private customers welcomed. Cleaners and Launderers to guests at Browns, Berners, Carlton Tower, Dorchester, Mayfair, Normandie, Piccadilly, Quaglinos, Royal Court, Westbury

BAT 1023
98 Surrey Lane.

MAY 3511
5 Lansdowne Row.

INVISIBLE MENDING

INVISIBLE MENDING. Burns, tears, moth damage. Also Knitwear and all repairs. QUICKSTITCH LTD., (3) Removed to 26 Carnaby Street, W.1. REGent 1140.

LAND-ROVER

LAND-ROVER self-drive hire. Evans (Wimbledon) Ltd., Tel. WIMbledon 0163.

CORSETTIERES

RIGBY & PELLER

12 South Molton Street, W.1.
MAYfair 6708By Appointment to H.M. The Queen
CorsettièresMade - to - measure corsets, brassières,
maternity foundations. Exclusive French
beachwear, sizes 32/52 altered to fit perfectly.THE FINEST CORSETS & SWIMSUITS
combining Comfort with Elegance, are made to

measure by—

MACMILLAN CORSETTIERES LTD
17 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. (KEN. 9925)

Brochure T.A. on request

BEAUTY

COSMETIC PLASTIC SURGERY.
Faces, Figures and Feelings—the book
that is how, why and what on cosmetic
surgery by Leslie R. Gardiner, surgeon.
Obtainable from 33 Wimpole Street,
London W.1. at 19/6 post free.**PURE COSMETICS. NO CHEMICALS.**
Skin enriching anti-drying revitalising
cream. For women of 40 and over, 12/-,
7/- Vitalising Cream for the 30's, 11/6,
6/6. Noël Johnston, 24 Widemarshe Street,
Hereford.**NAIL INFECTION.** Discoloured, infected,
destroyed nails and inflamed cuticles.
The HAND & NAIL INSTITUTE (Est. 30
years) specialises in effective personal or
postal treatment. Send stamped address-
ed envelope, 35 Old Bond Street. Tel.
HYDe Park 7561.**SPOTSLIMMING.** At the Beauty Clinic
Ray Cochrane advises Traxator or Cunier
G-5 deep massage. Rourmeric infra-red
treatments to suit your individual needs.
Details from The Beauty Clinic, 118
Baker Street, London, W.1. Tel. WEL-
beck 3405.

TRUE BEAUTY COSMETICS

Carefully prepared from pure oils, herbs and
vegetable products, completely free from
harmful synthetics.YOUR SKIN NEEDS WHAT NATURE
PROVIDESBrochure free from:
Stella Marten, Dept. T, 22 Woodfield Road,
Ealing, W.5.

IMPERFECT FEATURES

Eyes
before
& after
Correc-
tionBadly shaped Noses, Outstanding Ears,
Lines around the Eyes, Loss of Contour,
Double Chins, can be corrected. Write:
The Secretary,
8 Leith Mansions, Elgin Avenue, W.9
or telephone Welbeck 7208

A PERSONAL POSTAL SERVICE

Direct to your home

Maria Burne-Jones

Renowned Beauty Expert & Research
Dermatologist offers her "New Age"
Collections of Real Hand Made
NATURAL BEAUTY
Research SPECIALISATIONS
for the CONNOISSEUR
"Creations to Dream About"Skin-Care Foods
from Nature's
Own Garden will
bring undreamed
of LovelinessHomogenized
flower oils and fruit
juices into Creams,
Lotions and Soaps.BEAUTY BROCHURE
Free Advisory ServiceHighly recommended by list of Clients
and The Lady Dowding has given
her personal testimonial, also her
committee for Beauty Without
Cruelty to Animals.VITAL HEALTH by Herbal Vitamin Culture
Brochure: FOR SPECIAL OFFERS
BURNE-JONES & PILLAI LTD.
Pages Downs, Barham, Canterbury,
Kent, England

HAIRDRESSERS



SEYMOUR of Westminster

61 MARSHAM STREET, S.W.1.

ABBy 1765 4403

THE KINDEST CUT OF ALL. Maison
Georges believe that proper hair cutting
entails shaping the hair so that it only
requires combing. Consult us at
40 Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.
VIC 5943.**REAL HAIR WIGS** and added pieces
made to individual requirements. We
have facilities for re-dressing and clean-
ing all types of hair work. JOHN
HENRY, 9 Melcombe Street, N.W.1.
HUN 2029/2020.**XAVIER GIRALT OF GLASGOW,**
renowned for distinctive Coiffures. Mas-
terly cutting, Styling with a flair, artistic
Colour Rinsing and Permanent Waving
to suit and enhance each individual
personality. Giralt Ltd., 7 Woodside
Crescent, Glasgow, C.3. DOUGlas 4904 &
0045.**THE PHYLLIS EARLE SALON**
SPECIALISES IN HAIR COLOURING
AND COLOUR CORRECTION, and has an
experienced staff of expert tinters.
Free consultations. Phone for an ap-
pointment now: PHYLLIS EARLE, 32
Dover Street, London, W.1. HYDe Park
7541.**ANNETTE AND VALERIE**, late of
Knightsbridge, announce the opening of
their Hairdressing Salon, CHEVEUX,
15 Abingdon Road, Kensington, W.8.
WES 8860.**ANGELIQUE—7 BEAUCHAMP**
PLACE, for those who want the best of
BEAUTY CARE. Hairdressing, Manicure
and Pedicure. ORLANE BEAUTY
TREATMENTS and Preparations, Eye-
lash Tinting and Electrolysis. Consulta-
tions without charge. Telephone
KNightsbridge 3585.**NICE.** When on holiday have a new
fabulous Hair Style at Paris Riviera.
5 Rue Lamartine, Nice.

MATERNITY WEAR

THE LOVELIEST AND SMARTEST
maternity wear in London—"Mother-
hood" of course! Write for free cata-
logue, 22 Baker Street, London, W.1,
or 21 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3.**MATERNITY HAUTE COUTURE.**
Evening wear a speciality. ADELLA
STUDIOS, Fashion Designers, 17 Star
Street, W.2. AMB 1054.**MATERNALLY YOURS**—foremost in
fashion for mothers-to-be! Divine
clothes, from day and evening dresses to
comfortable casuals. Send for our
brochure or visit us at 26 New Cavendish
Street (off Marylebone High Street),
London, W.1. Also at Liverpool, Man-
chester, Wilmslow and Birmingham.**JUST JANE.** The most beautiful Mat-
ernity Clothes in the world—from 8
countries, 93 Baker Street, London, W.1,
and 8 Sloane Street, Knightsbridge.
Write for new illustrated brochure.

DOGS

WEIMARANER PUPPIES. Ideal
show, Gun, Pets excellent temperament,
sire: SH. CH. Ragstoneremus, Dam:
Wolfox Aleeds. Schofield, 23 Moxhall
Drive, Walmley, Sutton Coldfield. ASH
1197.**GOOD FOOD MAKES GOOD DOGS.**
Biscuits & Meals (WHOLEMEAL) 75/- per
cwt., 38/- 1/2 cwt. Luda Puppy Milk, 1 stone
25/-, 2 stones 45/-. ALL carriage paid
Home. Cash with order please, credit by
arrangement. LUDA MEATIES (Dept. T),
Louth, Lincolnshire.

FOR SALE

ANGLER'S MIXED BAG of nylon fish-
ing lines, 2,500 yds. top quality. Unrepeat-
able bargain. Money back guarantee. 25/-
incl. Discount Tackle, 407 Strand, W.C.2.

BOOKS

WE CAN SUPPLY ANY BOOK IN
PRINT. Try asking at the world's
smallest bookshop for a change—Read-
ers Boutique, 283 Regent Street, W.1.
Write or phone MAYfair 5601 and ask for
Neville Davis or Catherine the Shetland
Sheepdog, the only canine bookseller in
the business!

SHOPPING BY POST

EXQUISITE HAND CROCHET covered
coat hangers. Pastel shades. Beautifully
made, samples sent on request. Smith's,
Bookshop, Elm Croft, Connaught Road,
Sidmouth.**EXQUISITE SHAWLS.** Christening
or Invalid. Handknitted. Selection on
approval. From 55/-. Brenda Horne,
Halkirk, Caithness.**SUNNY JERSEY ROSES** by Air from
12/6 doz. List free. JERSEY ROSE
NURSERIES, Maufant, JERSEY.**QUALITY KNITWEAR MADE IN**
HAWICK. Pure cashmere, lambswool
or botany, cardigans, jumpers and twin
sets. Write for illustrated brochure,
Dept. T, Hawick House, High Street,
Galashiels, Scotland.

FOR FATHER

A Fishing Punt at £34.

FOR THE SON

A Build-Yourself Canoe Kit at £14.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST

GRANTA BOATS
COTTENHAM, CAMBRIDGE**ASTLEYS WORLD FAMOUS BRIAR**
PIPES. Renowned for quality. Cata-
logues—Astleys, Dept. T., 109 Jermyn
Street, London, S.W.1.

DRY CLEANING

SUEDECLEAN LTD. By far the most
experienced Suede, Leather and Sheep-
skin Cleaners, 3-day EXPRESS (5-day
Postal Service). Dept. H., 30 Baker
Street, London, W.1. WELbeck 1967;
57 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3.

SUEDE CLEANING

Suede Coats, Shoes, Sheepskin Coats, Gloves
expertly cleaned.

Smooth leather garments also a speciality.

Send to:

SUEDECRAFT (LIVERPOOL) LTD.
HAWTHORNE ROAD, LITHERLAND,
LIVERPOOL 20. Phone: Bootle 3924

KYNOC



CLOTHS

KEITH SCOTLAND

9 STRATTON ST LONDON W1

19 Beauchamp Place,
London, S.W.3.*"I am delighted with the
response I have received
from my advertisement in
the TATLER; therefore will
you please insert this
advertisement for a
further 13 weeks."*

Betty Hope.

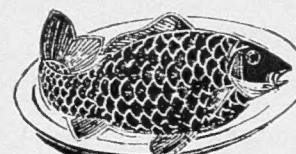
Our experts will be happy to advise
you, too, how to obtain the best result
from your classified advertisement.
Telephone: TERminus 6422 and ask
for Judy Pearson or write: Classified
Advertisement Manager, Tatler, Elm
House, Elm Street, London, W.C.1.

THE MARQUIS

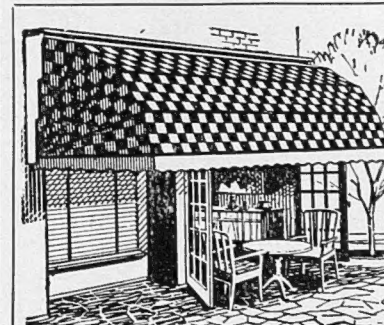
121A Mount Street, W.1.

Reservations: GRO 1256. Patron: S. Fiori.
Lunch 12-3. Dinner 5.30-11. Fully licensed.In the heart of Mayfair the Marquis preserves
the highest standard of Continental Cuisine in
an elegant and intimate atmosphere. Our
specialities are extensive, but we would mention
Escargots de Bourgogne, Escalope de Veau à
la Marquis, and Parpiettes de Veau Nicoise.Patrons who would concentrate on Les
Poissons are exclusively catered for at
our new restaurant, *The Golden Carp*,
which is directly opposite the Marquis.
We would particularly like to mention
the Carp itself, our Pate Maison,
Moules Mariniere and Rouget MeuniereReservations: GRO 3385 Fully licensed
Open for lunch 12-3 Dinner 6.30-11.45
Saturday Dinner 6.30-11.45

MARQUIS



8A MOUNT STREET

**HILCO BLINDS**
(famous since 1879)OUTSIDE SUN BLINDS, INSIDE ROLLER
BLINDS, VENETIAN BLINDS,
(PLASTIC OR ALUMINIUM SLATTED)

Send for brochure

E. HILBURN (BLINDS) LTD.

Dept. TAT, St. Albans Lane, London, N.W.11.
SPedwell 9995/6QUALITY &
QUANTITYRuffino Chianti
Flasks hold nearly
a third more than
ordinary standard
wine bottlesBottled exclusively
in Italy*Ruffino*B. WOOD & SON (Wine
Shippers) LTD., Market
Buildings, 26-28 Mark
Lane, London, E.C.3

Albert Adair / The satinwood cabinet

ANTIQUES

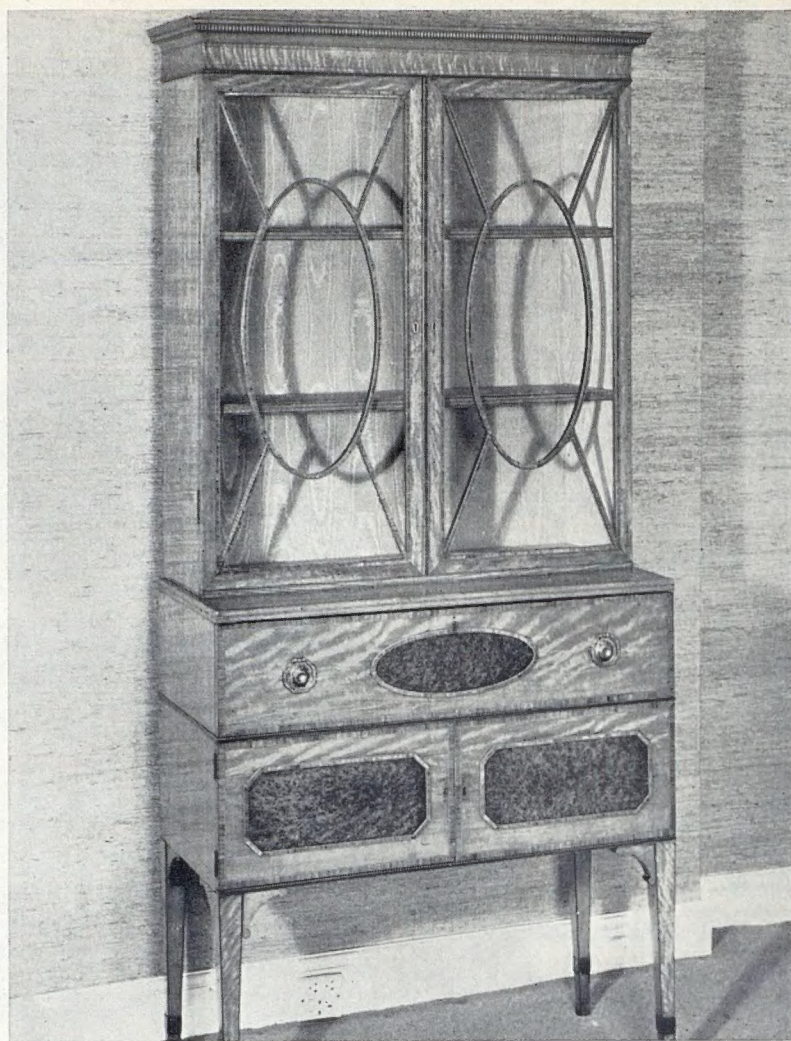
I have often been asked if only the smaller articles of the cabinetmaker's art were constructed in satinwood, and was therefore delighted to find this Sheraton ladies secretaire cabinet of circa 1800 at Denys Wrey of London, S.W.1, which most elegantly demonstrates the fact that the craftsman was by no means confined to smaller pieces when working with this particular wood. The piece is in fact 6 ft. 9 ins. in height and 3 ft. in width.

Satinwood was fashionable almost from the moment it was first imported from the West Indies in about 1765, as it was an excellent medium for inlaid designs and formed a good background for crossbanding. A little later it was imported from the East Indies as well.

Sheraton seems to have been influenced by the effects that could be achieved with satinwood, and though Robert Adam introduced it to the fashionable it was Sheraton, at the begin-

ning of the 19th century, who used it widely and to especially great advantage for "ladies pieces." Indeed during Mrs. Fitzherbert's heyday at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, it was a favourite for ladies' boudoir furniture, and the room in the Royal Pavilion which displays her own furniture is furnished exclusively in satinwood. Charles Elliot, the Royal cabinetmaker from 1784 to 1808, used satinwood extensively.

The display cabinet-cum-secretaire illustrated, including the very elegant glazing bars, is crossbanded with kingwood, and the yew panels on the drawer and doors are a sharp contrast to the satinwood. When open, the drawer beneath the display cabinet reveals smaller drawers and pigeonholes in satinwood, while the cupboard doors open to reveal four more drawers. The solid satinwood brackets at the top of each leg are unusual.



Jason Cassels / Links with a past

MAN'S WORLD

Two's company and three's a crowd in the nine-by-four shop of the Button Queen. But if you seek the unusual or even the unique in cuff-links or buttons then it is worth putting up with the squeeze for artifice's sake. The unusual often costs surprisingly little—but the unique, in buttons at least, could cost you £185 or more a set—if the Button Queen likes the look of you enough to let you buy them.

For Mrs. Toni Frith, in the 12 years that she has been dealing in buttons, has become sufficiently enthusiastic about her wares for their own sake to exercise her regal authority to prevent them going to what she suspects will be an unsuitable home. This autocratic approach—actually it is something less than that since she takes care to hide away her most treasured pieces and show them only to customers she likes—has not prevented her circle of customers spreading widely in the three years since she opened her shop in Marlborough Court, W.1, in an area which has since become fashionably abustle with a welter of boutiques, off-beat antique

shops and restaurants for faddy eaters.

If you can squeeze into the shop you may find yourself in a near embrace with a buyer from a top American menswear store, a fashion-conscious youngster, boy or girl, from nearby Liberty, a show business personality taking time out from rehearsals at the Palladium, or a personable young man looking for something to brighten his shirt front for Queen Charlotte's Ball.

The choice is bewildering. Her cufflinks range from pea to pigeon's egg sizes. She was once challenged to make—and sell—a pair out of a couple of ornate embossed lids from trinket boxes. Nearly three inches across, they sold immediately. Her more usual stock calls for less muscle power, though there are always several that measure an inch and a half or so across. Materials are as varied as designs—glass, wood, jet, jade, pewter, ceramics, mother of pearl, stag horn, silver, gold, gilt, enamel, jade or Georgian cut steel.

Georgian cut steel; now there's a fascinating thing.

Once *de rigueur* for dandies' and Court dress buttons, its glittering, diamanté-like effect is produced by the hundreds of polished facets on pieces of steel riveted into a steel base. One button might have as many as 300 pieces. "A Frenchman called Tissot knocked the bottom out of the market with a device that pressed them out and made them too cheap to be fashionable," says Mrs. Frith. They were also prone to rust—even (dare I say it) a sweaty hand could do it.

Regimental buttons feature prominently in her stock and are always in demand as a source of fairly unusual cufflinks or as blazer buttons. The popularity of the reefer jacket has made them even more attractive. The Scottish regiments are the most popular with American buyers though, in the words of one: "anything with a lot of crud"—meaning decoration—will do. But the real cufflink connoisseur wants something with a little more individuality. Perhaps a pair of lifesize eyes with moving pupils dating from the 19th century. Or a pair made from gambling tokens of the 19th century in the shape of hearts engraved with playing cards.

Choose, too, from: a twin set of cameos of girls' heads in a delicate pink "Maiden Blush"

coral—dating from 1840; 1½ in. diameter Georgian silver sporting buttons with a horse in relief, mounted on modern swivelling links; a pair of bronze and silver Japanese fans depicting a crane at a wooded river's edge; a pair of minute lapis lazuli butterflies; or moss agate set in silver gilt; a pair of real scarabs or ammonites mounted in silver, dating from when it was fashionable for young Victorian ladies to sally forth armed with trowels in quest of suitable fossils for decoration.

There is Japanese work; a pair of enamelled ladies' heads or gold-encrusted, hand-painted Satsuma-ware buttons. And enamelling; a couple of coins from 1842 which have had the relief design brightly coloured. It would be a man without a soul who could not resist taking a peep at the shop's ornate buttons. *Pièce de resistance* at the moment is a set of eight depicting game birds. Each is 1½ in. across. The bird is skilfully made from the appropriate feathers, and foliage in the scene is made from real fern. Each scene is protected by glass. Price of the set, £185. Undoubtedly, just the things to set the seal on the return of the Peacock Era, and not out of place on a man's coat. That's where they made their debut in 1770.

Plain or Tipped these cigarettes satisfy
above all others. For they proudly bear
the symbol of quality on their packs and
the name of Senior Service.



BRITAIN'S OUTSTANDING CIGARETTES



above all **SENIOR SERVICE** satisfy



£2250



£475



£675



£3775



£645

Kutchinsky

69 BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3. KNIghtsbridge 9211

174 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1. MAYfair 2876